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Choice Poetry.

APPROACHING THE UNSEEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Hold me not back, my children! Let me speed
Onward, and ever onward, for the path
Which the great Master has for me decreed
Its lines of glory hath!

The shadows fall behind me; see ye not
That all is bright towards which my footsteps tend?
Come onward with me, towards the appointed spot,
Where shall my journey end.

Come onward with me, towards the setting sun,—
Towards the great union of the day and night;
When the allotted task of life is done,
And darkness ends in night.

See, through the opening vistas of the west,
Bright glimpses of the land towards which I'm bound!
The crystal ceiled city of the Bless'd,
With angel-watchers round.

Far mountain ridges, gold and amethyst,—
Ascending spires or kingliest palaces;
And a calm ocean spread like sunlit mist,
Betwixt myself and these!

And all, as in the light of God, doth shine;
And on the margin of that sunlit shore
I see the loved, the fair that once were mine,—
Not dead, but gone before.

And with their hands they beckon unto me,
And with a voice of melody they say,
"Here, oh beloved one, we wait for thee,
Until thou pass away!"

"Until thou pass away from earth and time,—
Till the night-shadows pass and thou emerge
Into the fullness of the day sublime,
Of which thou seest the verge."

"But little now on earth is left undone,
Only to wait, to love with all thy heart,
To bless like Christ the Lord, each little one,
And when He calls, depart!"

Thus speak the voices.
Oh, accept, my God,
Thy servant's feeble sacrifice of praise;
For that Thy goodness has to me allowed
The fullness of my days.

I praise and bless Thee! bless Thee for the gain
Which of Thy mercy, life has been to me;
Bless Thee for joy,—bless Thee for grief and pain,
Which brought me nearer Thee!

Lord, when Thou willest, call Thy servant hence!
But, to the last, let love my being move;
Let me rejoice in youth, and innocence,—
Let all my soul be love!

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

BOOK THIRD AND LAST.

CHAPTER I.

MAGDALENE.

I see the cloud and the tempest near,
The voice of the troubled tide I hear,
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
For wanderer thy loved one is there with thee.
L. Davidson.

At the period of which I write, travelling was of course much more tedious and inconvenient than at the present day. Therefore, although Magdalene had set out on her journey near the first of December, it was near Christmas when she arrived at Natchez with her friends, who, leaving her at the only hotel the little town afforded, proceeded on their journey into the interior. Magdalene wrote a letter from her lodgings to Major Lincoln, the cotton planter, for whose only daughter she had been engaged as a private governess.

The next day while waiting in her room, the chamber-maid entered and informed her that a gentleman was in the parlor inquiring for her. Magdalene sent down word that she would attend him immediately, and pausing only long enough to adjust the folds of her dark green habit, and smooth the bands of her rich black hair, she descended into the parlor. As she entered, a gentleman somewhat past middle age, tall, handsome, and of erect military carriage, arose, and advancing to meet her, bowed low, saying,

"Miss Mountjoy, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," said Magdalene, returning his salutation.

"I am Major Lincoln, and am very happy to meet you, Miss Mountjoy!—permit me to offer you a seat," said the Major, handing a chair to our girl—who seated herself in it—and taking one himself. He then entered into conversation with Magdalene, deporting himself throughout the interview with that suave and stately courtesy which distinguished the dignified old school, but which the loose, familiar manners of the present day would stigmatize as "stiff." At the close of their interview, he said,

"As you express yourself quite refreshed, Miss Mountjoy, I will order the horses to the carriage immediately, and we will set out for Boxwood, where my little girl is awaiting her new friend with great impatience." And bowing again, he left the parlor to give the necessary orders, while Magdalene returned to her room to put on her bonnet and furs. She had scarcely completed this arrangement, when a porter appeared to take down her baggage, and the chamber-maid to tell her that Major Lincoln was ready. She went down, and was conducted to the carriage by the Major, with the stately suavity that distinguished his manners.

It was near night when they set out, and after a drive of about two hours on a road between the forest on one side, and the river on the other, they turned into the former, and drove a couple of miles before reaching a plantation, in the centre of which, standing on a slight elevation, stood a very shabby looking country house, of frame work, two stories high, very long in proportion to its height, and surrounded with a piazza to both stories. The lights that were shining through the lower windows, gave an air of cheerfulness to the place. The carriage entered the gate, rolled up towards the house, and stopped before the middle front door. Major Lincoln alighted, handed out Magdalene, and conducted her into the house, and by a door to the right into the parlor, where a bright fire was blazing, a bright lamp burning, a tea-table waiting, and a little girl reading. The little girl made an impulsive bound to meet her father at first, but then with a shy look retreated into her big easy chair. Major Lincoln led Magdalene to a seat, and then taking the child's hand, brought her up and said,

"This is my little daughter Lucy, Miss Mountjoy," and stooping over the child, he said, "Lucy, this young lady is your friend and instructress—welcome her!"

The little girl blushed deeply, and bashfully and silently held out her hand. Magdalene took it, drew her up to her knee, stooped and kissed her.

"Now go and order tea, little one!" said the Major, and the child vanished.

The next day after breakfast, Magdalene was introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the Major, and the mother of Lucy, a lovely woman, an invalid for many years, who now seldom left her room.

"You will find our house not very comfortable, Miss Mountjoy; and that indeed is the truth of every planter's house in this region of country. The reason is, that they are scarcely homes at all. Between winters spent at New Orleans, or other cities, and summers at the sea-side, we are at home for so short a portion of the year, that it scarcely presents a motive for homestead improvement. I sometimes wish it might be otherwise. Now in a few days we go to New Orleans for the winter. We return here in April, and remain until June. Then we go North, to the sea-side, and stay until the first of September. We reach home in October, and remain until December, when we go to the city again. So passes our year. During our absence the plantation remains under the sole charge of an overseer, and the house under that of a housekeeper. When the clearing up of the country shall render our summers more healthful, and the interior improvements make the roads in winter more passable, I trust that we shall be enabled to pass more time at home, and be encouraged to improve our houses."

Magdalene found in this amiable family none of the "toils, privations, humiliations and perils," with which she had been threatened by her friends and well-wishers. No more finished "gentleman of the old school" could any where have been found than Major Lincoln, no more amiable lady of—*any* school, than Mrs. Lincoln, no more gentle and endearing child, than Lucy Lincoln; whose delicate health—she inherited her mother's fragility of constitution—induced her parents to keep her at home, and engage a governess to educate her, rather than send her abroad. Soon after Magdalene's arrival, the family went to New Orleans, to spend the remainder of the winter. Though in the midst of one of the gayest cities in the Union, they entered into few of its gayeties. Once or twice, Major Lincoln took Magdalene to the theatre, to which amusement she was passionately devoted. In the spring they returned to Boxwood, where they spent the three most beautiful months in the year for that region of country. Never had Magdalene seen so charming a country as Mississippi, in April, May and June; and she earnestly echoed the phrase of its people—"The Eden of the South."

In June, when the weather began to be very oppressive, they set out for the North, and about the first of July, arrived at Cape ———, then first becoming the resort of health or pleasure seeking visitors. It was, as yet, early in the season, and the place was comparatively vacant of company. Our party enjoyed themselves the more upon this account, for Mrs. Lincoln was too delicate, Lucy too young, and Magdalene's social position too undefined to make it agreeable to mix much in society. As the season advanced, however, the place became crowded with company. Morning and evening they rode or drove back into the country, or walked by the sea side. They had been there more than six weeks, and Magdalene was beginning to feel the motions of those restless energies, that latent Indian nature which forbade her to be quiet any where for any length of time, when one evening she set out for a solitary ramble on the beach. Up and down she wandered, until twilight was darkening into night, her morose, half savage mood, soothed by the monotonous, deep, low thunder of the great ocean on the coast. Up and down she wandered unmindful of the gathering darkness, or the comments that might be made upon her long absence at that late hour, thinking of *one*. Not with regret, not with doubt, not with anxiety, but with a deep and intense prophetic conviction of happiness mystically blended with darkest doom. Up and down she wandered, until a deep toned voice, at her side, said,

"*Magdalene.*"

She did not start or exclaim, though her very heart stood still, as Sir Clinton Carey paused at her side and raised her hand to his lips. He led her a few steps onward to a pile of rocks, seated her thereon and stood before her. She had not spoken yet.

"You are surprised to see me here, Magdalene?"

"Yes."

"And—glad?"

"Oh, yes! yes!"

He sat down by her side, drew her to his bosom, and pressed his lips to hers.

"You think this meeting a 'singular coincidence,' Magdalene?"

"No, I do not think so! I think that you knew I was here and sought me."

"You are right, but how knew I that you were here, my Magdalene?"

"I do not know, certainly; I think possibly that you have never lost sight of me yet."

"You are right again, Magdalene—a frequent and regular correspondence with Judge Washington has kept me advised of the external circumstances of your life, and in them, Magdalene, I have read that which others have not dreamed," and again he drew her within his arms and rested her burning face upon his bosom. "Now for my secret, Magdalene. You have been with me everywhere; in the city, in the ship; in the calm, and in the storm; on the sea, and in port; in the babel of great London, and in the solitude of my remote native hills;—you have haunted me. Never has your form and face been absent from my side; never has your voice ceased to make strange, sweet music in my ears; never have your darkly veiled bright eyes withdrawn their glances from mine! Never—night or day—sleeping nor waking, have you left me! Magdalene! *why* have you pursued, chained and brought me back? Do not defend yourself! Do not tell me that you were far distant in Mississippi, while I was on the sea or in England! That you never wrote to me—never spoke of me. You *thought* of me. You *dreamed* of me! You *loved* me! You *wanted* me! You followed me in the mighty strength of your spirit! You have recaptured the fugitive, and he is at your feet! Do with him as you please, Magdalene! It is such a worn out phrase to say 'I love you!' that I want you more than all else the world or heaven can offer me—that I prize you more than life! Oh, this has been said by millions of men to women, not one of whom ever felt a tithe of the power that has vanquished me! Magdalene! speak to me."

But she could not have spoken, with all her self command she could not have spoken, had her soul depended on it!

"Magdalene! my destiny! answer me!"

She put both hands in his, and dropped her head upon his shoulder.

"Magdalene!" he whispered, between many soft caresses, "Magdalene, I have somewhat to say to thee—but—not now!" he added, after a moment's thought.

The loud ringing of the last supper bell aroused both from their forgetfulness, and they arose simultaneously to return to the house, when Sir Clinton, laying his hand upon Magdalene's, said,

"Magdalene! my love! listen to me! And in spite of all the strangeness of what I am about to say to you—believe in me—will you, can you, Magdalene?"

"As in heaven! Yes!"

"Then, this is what I have to say to you! You must not recognise me in this place at all! Do you understand me, Magdalene?"

"I understand your words, but not the reason for them."

"You shall know the reason soon, Magdalene! and, for the present, you will oblige me in this?"

"Assuredly."

"And you will not suspect me?"

"When I *do*, Sir Clinton, *I* will renounce you," said she, as she bowed and walked towards the house, leaving him alone upon the sands. She entered the house and seated herself at the supper table oppressed with a sense of wrong, degradation and danger.

And yet Magdalene could not be angry with him—proud as she really was, humiliating as his manner towards her at times certainly was, she could not be angry with him. She wondered at herself for this! She wondered if anything on earth that he could say or do, could raise a single vindictive feeling in her heart. It was because she loved and trusted him through all things and beyond all things. Aye! Sir Clinton Carey, bring her high spirit low! trample her pride to the dust! set your heel upon her neck! She has no pride for you! She will bear it all; and when you tell her that you love her, she will believe your word against a thousand facts. Yes! but ever outrage and utterly betray her love! and you had better alone and unarmed, have met a lioness in her forest walk, than Magdalene in her roused wrath!

The next morning early, Magdalene was walking on the beach, when Sir Clinton Carey again joined her. He invited her to sit upon the rocks, and placing himself beside her, took her hand—

"My dearest Magdalene, I told you—did I not? that I had somewhat to say to you."

"Yes."

"Listen then, Magdalene. You heard me say upon the morning that I left you at Prospect Hall, that I was poor, *very* poor, did you not?"

"Yes," said Magdalene, in a low voice, for a vague pain seized her heart.

"Hear me farther upon this subject, my child, my dear child!" he said, drawing her to his heart. "Like the unjust Steward of the New Testament, I cannot work—to beg I am ashamed; I am poor still, Magdalene; and the only prospect of better fortune, is a wealthy marriage, or the continued favor of an aged and rich relative, whose heir I am, but whose favor and fortune I should alike lose by contracting what *he* would consider an ill-advised matrimonial engagement—are you listening to me, my dear?"

"Yes, yes," said Magdalene, in a dying voice. He drew her hand up over his shoulder, and stooping, looking tenderly in her eyes—whispered a lulling, soothing voice,

"Will you go to England with me? Will you trust me with your happiness, your honor?"

Magdalene snatched her hand away as though a serpent had stung it! flushed crimson, turned deadly pale, arose and staggered from him—and would have fallen, but that he was at her side again in a moment, and leading her back seated her upon the rock, and dropping upon one knee took her hand, and while his face was flushed, said, in a voice faltering with strangulation—

"Magdalene! you have misapprehended me! most cruelly misapprehended me! For what in the name of God do you take me, Magdalene? Magdalene! say that you trust me! Say that you will consent to a secret marriage, and go with me to England! *Talk*, Magdalene!" His energy of manner—her own passions, or *both*, mastered her; recovering herself, she said,

"Sir Clinton! speak to me always plainly, I beseech you. *I* speak *very* plainly. And my words never admit of two constructions—pardon me! I do not understand my own emotions, my own utter loss of self-government—almost utter loss, not quite—for now, even now, in this moment of great agitation, I will not give you a reply; I am disturbed, I must get quiet—I am heated, I must get cool—I am mad indeed! and I must get sane! Leave me—or suffer me to go!"

"Foolish and tormenting girl! For what reason do you wish time to consider of this; you have no parents to disobey or forsake; no relatives to grieve?"

"I have a storm in my own soul to still, though!"

And she arose and walked towards the house. Not until the next morning did she lay her hand within that of Sir Clinton Carey, and say,

"I will go with you."

Their arrangements were quickly and quietly completed. Magdalene signified her wish to quit her present situation at the end of the ensuing term, which would bring also the end of the season at Cape ———. The company were leaving daily, for the last week in August had come, and upon the first of September Magdalene bade farewell to her friends, and set out for Norfolk under the escort of a gentleman and lady who were travelling thither, and who in their turn placed her for the remainder of her journey in the care of a fellow passenger, whom they had known at the Cape, who was no other than Sir Clinton Carey. It was at a small village some few miles out of Norfolk, that Sir Clinton Carey and Magdalene Mountjoy pledged to each other those vows that nothing but death could annul. The only witnesses of this marriage were the confidential servant of Sir Clinton, and a young girl recently engaged as a travelling maid for Magdalene. Immediately after the ceremony they returned to Norfolk, from whence they sailed the next morning for England.

One thing only troubled Magdalene on her voyage out. It was this. During the many months of her connection with the Lincolns, she had written many letters to Virginia; to none of which had she received any reply. At length she had written to Judge Washington, and had received a letter, long after its date—for it had followed her around the country—in which she learned that Virginia had been very ill—was very slowly recovering, and had been then residing at the Sunny Isle. Again, before leaving the Lincolns, Magdalene, anxious for later intelligence, had written to the Judge—but though she had waited long for his answer, it had not arrived up to the day of her sailing—and now she felt that there rolled between them an ocean of fate wider than the Atlantic.

CHAPTER II.

NEW LIFE.

A new life, like a young sunrise, breaks
On the strange unrest of thy night.
Browning.

Magdalene's happiness was not long qualified by regret for those she loved, yet had left! She knew precisely how it was, and how it would be, with her friends in their thoughts, feelings and actions towards herself. She knew that Judge Washington and Virginia would write to her again and again, and that their letters would remain unanswered. She knew that, alarmed at her continued silence, they would write to Major or Mrs. Lincoln, and that then an eclaircissement would occur, filling both parties with astonishment, grief and dismay; that Major Lincoln, surprised to hear that she had not returned to the protection of her friends, would write and tell Judge Washington when, where, and—as far as he knew—under what circumstances Magdalene had left his family: that Judge Washington, grieved and alarmed, would instantly set on foot an inquiry to find the clue to her fate—which owing to the strict precautions taken, would fail; that, finally, their sorrow and anxiety would yield to time, or to the conviction that its object was dead, or, what was worse, utterly lost, and unworthy to live. But, until then, how much, from suspense, they must suffer! How much, from sympathy with them, must she herself suffer!—But, in respect to the extent and duration of her own trouble, Magdalene was mistaken. Soon she felt that all regret, remorse and grief—every emotion and thought—was swallowed up in one infinite contentment. The old, scornful maxim that "Marriage is the bane of love," was utterly refuted in the case of Magdalene and of Clinton. Every day, as they knew each other more, they loved each other better, and were happier in their mutual love. Their happiness seemed a constantly increasing good. How Clinton was changed since their marriage! Had he been egotistical, arrogant and capricious before? No lover could be more disinterested, devoted and constant than he was *now*. There was something almost deprecating in his service of her. And as for Magdalene, her heart ached with the fullness of her gratitude, love and joy, and this excess of life took a strange turn.

It was September, and the voyage out was, in almost every respect, delightful. When out of sight of land, the vast panorama of the unbounded waters aroused all the power—and the sublime splendor of the rising and setting sun at sea, kindled all the fire—of Magdalene's strong and ardent enthusiasm; and this stimulated passion for the sublime and terrific, excited a desire to be in the midst of a great storm at sea! She felt that her own strong, energetic and half-savage spirit would revel alike amid the wild warfare of winds and waves, and amid the powerful emotions of terror, grief and despair they would excite in men. And so, in a moment of gay confidence, she told Sir Clinton, with a kindling cheek and a flashing eye. He enjoyed to the quick, the freshness of *her* joy, laughed almost aloud, and, caressing her, exclaimed,

"Oh, Magdalene, with what newness of life you inspire me! How I shall delight to go over the Continent with you! To see those fine eyes of yours soar up to the top of Mount Blanc! and blaze in the light of the glaciers! To see those cheeks and lips of yours glow under the refulgent skies of Italy! and that earnest, fervent soul of yours fall into one of its profound and beautiful reveries amid the ruins of the old world's grandeur! Oh, Magdalene! to take a beautiful, intellectual and ardent country girl to see the wonders of the old world! What a new sense of existence is in that!"

But in the matter of the desired storm at sea, Magdalene's destructive sublimity of mood was not destined to be gratified at so costly a price. The voyagers were favored with a fast-sailing vessel, fine weather and fair winds, and they made the trip in something less than a month.

It is not my intention to record minutely the life of Magdalene and of Clinton for the next few months. They landed at Liverpool, but without going into England, immediately took passage across the channel, to set out upon their Continental tour. They passed the remaining autumn months of October and November, in Germany and Switzerland. And her awe and enthusiasm among the stupendous Alpine precipices, and her admiration of the sublime and beautiful scenery and gray old ruins on the Rhine, came up to his highest expectations, and refreshed and renewed him like a bath in the fountain of youth. Early in December they journeyed Southward, towards Italy, and here her deep interest in the magnificent records of the ancient world brought back—*conjured* back—the days of his own first ardent enthusiasm, and he never wearied of making a ruin, a relic, a picture, or a statue the theme of history, tradition or poetry, to give it a deeper interest in her heart. And Magdalene felt how kind beyond a lover's or a husband's kindness was this perfect sympathy, this never-wearying devotion, and she felt that her whole soul's gratitude and love, great as it was, was insufficient for his merits.

They went to Sicily, and here, under sunny skies and amid luxuriant landscapes, in a palazzo where all that wealth, taste and love of luxury could create, were combined in a terrestrial paradise, they passed the winter. And here, in this luxurious retirement, Magdalene discovered every day new and surprising beauties and attractions in a heart and mind seldom equalled for depth and strength of passion, force and originality of thought, and for power and splendor of expression. Every day she admired and loved him more, until her love and admiration verged upon adoration, worship, idolatry! and the longer she contemplated her image of clay, the brighter, diviner it became in her eyes. She thought with a secret joy—how opposite *her* case was to that of most other women, who saw at first *only* what was *best*, and *often* what was *false* in their lovers, and had nothing left but faults to discover, and illusions to mourn. *She* had seen his faults at first, and loved him in despite of them—and now those faults had seemed to pass away, leaving his character all bright and clear, while new excellences were revealing themselves continually. She never questioned the reality of this change—never inquired whether he were not, at heart, the same—whether it were not the difference in her position that made the difference in his deportment—whether he did not consider the difference in station between Sir Clinton Carey's wife and the overseer's grandchild quite wide enough to warrant any distinction in manner. She never questioned or cavilled at anything he said or did now. She was too happy to speculate upon her happiness. This was, altogether, the most delightful winter she had ever spent in the whole course of her life.

Early in the Spring they left their Sicilian "Garden of Eden," with much regret on Magdalene's side. They went to Paris, where Magdalene soon found herself the centre of a brilliant circle of poets, wits, and philosophers, of both sexes, whose attractive charm of manner, brilliancy of conversation, startling originality of thought, and daring speculations, would have fascinated and carried away a mind less stern and inflexible than was that of our "Indian girl," in all cases where her heart was not concerned. Often after some evening spent in such a circle—when her intellect had been aroused and excited at the same time that all her preconceived opinions, and all her cherished early ideas had been startled from their propriety, and she had staggered under the shock of some powerful new impression,—she would seek Clinton, and in the sanctuary of confidence, speak of these subjects, and he, with a smile, half paternal, half lover-like, would caress her, and express himself glad that she was not "frightened;"—for so he would continue to interpret the unchanging cheek, unfaltering voice, and perfect quietude of manner with which she would speak, and which was owing, not to deficiency of moral emotion, but to a superabundance of physical strength. Magdalene *was* "frightened,"—but by the only phantom, real or imaginary, that could possibly frighten her—namely, the doubt, the fear of her future happiness with him; and so, in her perfect candor she told him one night. She remembered that night all her life long. They were sitting on a sofa in her chamber. He put his arm around her neck, and drew her head down upon his bosom, and gazed long and deeply,—as though he would have read her soul—as though he would have sent his piercing glance deep into the profound abysses of her spirit—the *terra incognita* of even her own self-knowledge—and searched for her yet unknown and undeveloped character, and prophesied of her future! His eyes expressed in turn—sorrow, pity, remorse!—as he gazed with dilating pupils, and slowly withdrew them, exclaiming, in a deep voice—

"My God, Magdalene!—if I have been mistaken in you all this time! If, in willing you the greatest good, I have done you the greatest harm!" and he put her from his bosom, and walked about awhile, in great trouble.

That was the first painful impression Magdalene had ever received from him—and I had nearly said, the *last*. From that time he became, if possible, still more devoted to her happiness. Everything that the most solicitous affection could inspire was done for her. Before their marriage, he had said that he was "poor, very poor," yet now there seemed no want of money, or sparing of expense, everything that imagination could suggest and wealth purchase was procured for her. To Magdalene there was something almost painful in this excess of solicitude. It made her feel as if she were foredoomed to some unhappy fate. It so resembled the self-sacrificing devotion we give to the dying, or those soon to die. And Magdalene felt that neither for declining health, or ensuing calamity, did she need so much care.

It was September again—just one year from the anniversary of their marriage, when one day Sir Clinton Carey came into the room where she was awaiting him, and laying a packet of letters on the table, sat down and called her to him. She came and sat upon his knee, with one arm around his neck, while he opened the packet—but then, as by a second thought, he said—

"You will not care to hear the letter read, Magdalene!—the *news* is, that my relative, Lord Cliffe, is in extremity, and his lawyer, who is also mine, has written for me to come instantly to London!"

"And you go to-morrow!—perhaps to-day!" questioned Magdalene.

"Not so, my dear. I must see you comfortably provided for, first—for of course you know, my dear Magdalene, that under all the circumstances, I cannot take you to England now."

"I suppose not," admitted Magdalene, with a sigh, and an enforced smile—"but, dearest, never mind my comfort. You care too much for my comfort—too little for your own, and for other people's interest. Go at once. Leave Paris to-morrow—*to-night*!—because a day's procrastination may close the opportunity of your ever seeing your aged relative again, and the wishes of the dying should be commands. Go, *to-night*, or you may never see *him* again! *Me* you can afterward see. *I* am young, and have indestructible health, and shall live to please or to plague you half a century or more yet. Come! I release you! Go at once, and send for me as soon as you can."

He bent his head over her, and shuddered as he strained her to his bosom, and his voice faltered, as he said—

"No, Magdalene! I cannot leave you in this place. I shall not leave Paris for several days yet!"

Nor could she persuade him to do so—nor did she much regret his inflexibility upon this point.

We often think it our duty to urge a person to a certain course of conduct, which, nevertheless, we cannot help hoping they will not pursue.

All the next day Sir Clinton Carey was engaged in business. On the morning of the third day he came into Magdalene's boudoir, and invited her to take a drive. She was soon ready, and he drew her arm within his own, conducted her down stairs, and placed her in the carriage that was waiting before the door, stepped in after her, seated himself by her side, and gave the direction to the coachman. They were driven through the city, and out some distance into the country—until the carriage was drawn up before the gate of a small, but elegant villa, of white marble, upon the banks of the Seine. The driver alighted, opened the door, and let down the steps. Sir Clinton Carey stepped out and handed out Magdalene, who looked inquiringly in his face, drew her arm within his own, and led her into the house.

"Are you fatigued, Magdalene?" he inquired, gently, as they entered the house.

She looked up with a queer smile—"When was I *ever*, Clinton?"

"Then I will take you at once over the house, and I want you to criticise its appointments. It belongs to a dear friend of mine, for whose residence I have fitted it up. Come!" and taking her hand, he conducted her through the suits of splendidly furnished rooms. "Now, Magdalene, what is still wanted to perfect this," said he, as they sat down together on a sofa in a beautiful boudoir."

"But one thing!"

"What! It shall be procured if the earth possesses it!"

"Do not make rash promises. This home wants, to perfect it, a master and a mistress who love each other as we do. Is your friend married?"

"Are *you* married, Magdalene? For this house is *yours*."

Magdalene was perplexed as well as gratified, by this announcement. She wondered that Sir Clinton should purchase a villa just as they were upon the point of leaving France, and with her usual frankness, she expressed this.

"It may be many months before the settlement of my business in England enables me to send for you, Magdalene! In the meantime, I wish you to be perfectly comfortable here. This villa is a very desirable piece of property, and a very delightful place of residence. It is within an easy drive of the Tuilleries, and if we come to Paris another year, it will be pleasant to have this home."

"And I am the friend for whom you furnished it," said Magdalene.

"Yes—I would not tell you at first, dearest, because I knew that in that case you would not name any defect that you might see—I thought possibly you might, if you were left to suppose that the house was furnished for another. I am rejoiced that you like it, dear, for you do—do you not?" he inquired, caressingly.

"Clinton, you overwhelm me with kindness. You put me down and silence me. I have absolutely nothing to say that would not be disgracefully inadequate to express my feeling of your goodness."

"Yes, I am good in some things, and God knows, my dear, I hope and trust that you may continue to think so! I have willed your largest life and greatest happiness, Magdalene. I have studied and labored for it day and night, with a burning heart and throbbing brain! even when I seemed not to see you, Magdalene! I have schemed and plotted for your good, more than ever courtier did for court favor! And this was the more intricate, difficult, and heart and brain racking, because I wished to achieve your own good without causing ill, even by a moment's pain, to any other! I loved you, Magdalene, so much! I knew you loved me! And sometimes when wisdom dictated a thaw of coldness that I never felt, Magdalene!—sometimes I would catch your eyes and pour through mine the whole meaning of my soul!"

"And I read you aright!"

"Ah!" said Clinton, with someting of a bitter sneer at himself.

"Yes, I did! I never suspected that you scorned us. How could I suppose *that*?"

"I *never* did, Magdalene!"

"I knew from the first evening that we met, you loved me!"

"I *did*, Magdalene! and from that hour one idea possessed and governed me! your happiness! Yet—great God! if I have failed!"

"It will be my own fault!"

"It will, Magdalene! Yet not the less my own terrible misfortune!"

"You feel and speak too morbidly about this, my dearest friend! I am very happy, only I reproach myself that I do not feel the same great concern for your future, that you feel for mine."

"And yet, Magdalene, there is something in your eye—something on your brow that is not happiness! You are the soul of truth and candor. What is it? Tell me!"

"I will! it is because everything that is not plain, simple, square, well-defined, unmistakable, *pains* me. Words and sentences that do not express the *full* truth, or that express *more* than the truth, or that admit of more than *one* construction, *pain* me—pain me always—pain me deeply in one that I love. You deal in such phrases, dear Clinton, and they give me trouble. It seems ungrateful in me to *feel* so, but I cannot avoid it! It seems insolent in me to *say* so, but you asked me for my thought, and I have no concealments from you! and you are so forbearing, so patient—that I have no fear of offending you! I loathe myself for feeling and for saying this! Visit it in any way you please, Clinton! I will submit!"

"Alas! Magdalene!" he began, and there he stopped. Soon he embraced her and said, "Let us talk of something else!"

"Yes! of your trip to England, of the career that opens before you! You succeed to the title and estates of Lord Cliffe! That is *valuable*, but *most* valuable as a step into a more useful sphere of action. You will be in the House of Lords! Oh, Clinton! how anxious I have been to see you in public life! how impatient I have been to see you wasting your manhood's years, and your splendid talents in idleness and self-indulgence! Oh, Clinton! I have had great ambition! high ambition! powerful ambition for myself! Now, all my ambition is merged in aspiration after *your* success! Oh! I shall feel so glorified in *your* glory! so great in *your* greatness! so royal in *your* royalty! for, Clinton, you will be great! you will be glorious! and if you have not the sovereign's name, you will have the sovereign's might! You will be that 'power behind the throne greater than the throne itself!' You will rule the nations of the earth by force of mind! Clinton! you know that I am no excitable enthusiast! I *have* enthusiasm, but it is profound, and only moves on great occasions, and it moves powerfully! I would it were a force to impel even *you* on to a career of greatness! Clinton, I would have men point you out and say, 'that is the first man in Europe! the greatest statesman in the world!' and I would have all that power converted into blessing for humanity! I would sanctify a human ambition by a Divine beneficence!" Her head was raised, her cheeks were glowing, her crimson lips apart, her eyes sparkling as she spoke; *suddenly!* as by magic, all was changed in her. She started violently, shuddered terribly. Her high glance fell, her cheek paled, her lips grew ashey, and she was falling, when he caught her—exclaiming—

"My God! Magdalene! are you ill?"

"No—hush! Nothing! I am better!" she said, incoherently.

"What is the matter? you tremble yet!"

"It is nothing! really nothing!"

"What is or *was* the 'nothing' then, that caused your sudden indisposition? Come, Magdalene! you have no concealments!"

"It—it was—*a dream*!"

"'A dream!'"

"Or rather, *the sudden realization of a scene in a dream*!"

"Magdalene! such absurdity, my dear!"

"Do not speak of it! Forget it, pray!"

"I have never seen you so terribly shaken!"

"Forget it, I beseech you!"

"'Shadows this night have struck more terror to the heart of Richard, than could the substance of ten thousand men.' Will you not tell me this remembered dream, Magdalene?"

"Not now! not now! Oh! I beseech you! speak no more of it!" said she. And Sir Clinton, astonished at this unparalleled weakness and continued agitation, became silent.

"Let us go hence!" said Magdalene, as soon as she had, in some degree, recovered her self-command.

And they left the villa, re-entered the carriage, and drove back to Paris.

That night, as they talked together of Clinton's speedy departure, and of Magdalene's longer residence in France, Clinton said,

"In the exigencies of your daily life, Magdalene, you will need some intimate friend. I would like to leave you in the care of such an one. In and among the many men whom I have presented to you, is there any single individual for whom you feel a greater degree of friendship or in whom you place a deeper confidence than in all the others? Tell me, Magdalene."

She thought for a few moments, and then replied—

"No, there is not! There are several I admire—some I esteem—one or two I highly respect! but no one individual in whom I feel any especial interest!"

"I am sorry, Magdalene! I would like to leave you in the care of some one, and would prefer to be guided by your preferences."

"I can take care of myself, dear Clinton."

"Yes, dear, among the forests, fields and floods of the Chesapeake, better than upon the banks of the Seine! I cannot leave you unprotected, Magdalene!"

"What do you think will happen to me?—Well!—if it will ease your own mind at all, you may give Monsieur De Ville a charge over me!"

"That hideous old satyr—"

"That biting old satirist, you mean. Yes! I like him! I like his 'mirthfulness and destructiveness,' as my Virginian familiar demon, Bruin, would understand it! his bitter irony, as we call it!"

"Oh, Magdalene! you have a taste for monsters! Well, be it so—he is sincere, brave and frank!"

"That is what I like in him! He would not be sincere and frank, without being brave, or brave without being sincere and frank!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

VIEW OF ST. JOHNS.

The port and town of St. Johns is on the East side of the island of Newfoundland. The entrance to the harbor is so narrow that two ships can hardly pass abreast with safety. There is twelve feet of water in the middle of the channel. The harbor is spacious, and sheltered on all sides by high rocks; its fortifications are rather strong than extensive. The town runs along nearly the whole of the North side of the port, but there can scarcely be said to be more than one street, the others being irregular lanes. A few of the houses are of stone or brick, and some of them are handsome, but the greater part are built of wood.

The government and public offices are tolerably extensive. The population in Summer hardly exceeds ten thousand, but on the return of the fishermen, it is increased to fifteen thousand.

There are two Episcopal Churches, and the Roman Catholics, who are numerous, have one of the finest Chapels in British North America.

The island of Newfoundland, lying nearly opposite to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is the nearest to Great Britain of any of its North American possessions, the distance between St. Johns and the harbor of Valentia, in Ireland, being only one thousand six hundred and fifty-six sea miles.

Selected Articles.

A NOBLE SOUL.

The following anecdote, relating to the husband of Flora McDonald, shows that he was possessed of qualities no less heroic than those ascribed by Scott to Flora.

After the failure of the attempt of Charles Edward, Alexander McDonald, of Kingsburgh, who zealously supported his cause, was taken prisoner. As he had been prominent among the rebels, he was heavily ironed and carefully guarded. It was determined to make him atone for his rebellion on the scaffold.

President Forbes wrote to Duke of Cumberland, urging the impolicy of executing a man so generally beloved, and who had taken up arms solely in obedience to a mistaken though conscientious loyalty.

It wat even feared, such was his popularity, that his execution would excite a new rebellion.

He had, however, engaged so zealously in the outbreak, and was so deeply involved in the escape of the Pretender, that his destruction was resolved upon.

He was brought to Fort Augustus, where he was kept a close prisoner.

At length an order came to the officer on guard to release certain prisoners in the fort. Among others, the officer called the name of Alexander McDonald.

"I am here," answered McDonald.

"You are discharged from further confinement," said the officer.

"I suspect there is some mistake in the matter," said McDonald.

"What mistake can there be? Is not your name Alexander McDonald?"

"That is my name, but I cannot think that it was designed I should be released. You had better be sure about it."

"I know my duty; there is no mistake; take your liberty."

A friend advised McDonald instantly to leave the fort, and repair to a place of security.

"No," said he, "I must wait at the opposite ale-house till I see whether the officer gets into a scrape."

He waited about two hours, when an officer came with a party of soldiers, and arrested the officer on guard, for having set at large so dangerous a rebel.

McDonald, learning what had taken place, ran across the street and surrendered himself, saying to the officer,

"I told you there was a mistake."

This heroic act probably aided Forbes in his efforts to save his life. It is a matter of joy to know that they were ultimately successful.

☞ "Now, Billy, my dear, you must give your little sister half of your apple." "I don't want to, mother." "Yes, do, my dear; that's a good boy. It is more blessed to give than to receive." "No, it ain't, mother, not always.—There's some good things I'd as lieve give as take—but not apples." "What things, then, my dear?" "A good whipping, mother." "Oh, you naughty boy!"

☞ A lover writing to his sweet-heart says "Delectable dear—You are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence and molasses stand appalled."

Pictures of Life.

THE MINER'S STRATAGEM.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN SILVER MINES.

The following is the communication of a gentleman now engaged in managing operations in the neighborhood of Cobijah, West Coast of South America:

Upper Peru forms an extensive territory, situated South and somewhat East of Lower Peru, with which it assimilates in aspect and productions. In 1778 it was separated by the Spanish Government, and was attached to the Viceroyalty of La Plata; but in the course of the late revolution it was separated from La Plata also, and erected into an independent republic, under the name of Bolivia. Potosi enjoys the greatest fame of any city in this region, but retains few traces of the wealth which gained for it this celebrity. It is, probably, the most elevated city in the world, being more than 12,000 feet above the sea, consequently higher than the Peak of Teneriffe. The mines have been the cause of the unrivalled wealth of this country. These are situated in the inmost depth of the Andes, approached only by steps and perilous roads, and in mountains which reach the limit of perpetual snow. The silver mountain of Potosi has no equal in the world. It rises to the height of 16,000 feet, is about eighteen miles in circumference, and formed almost of one entire mass of ore, and appears from the city dyed all over with a variety of metallic tints, and is supposed to have produced £250,000,000 since the conquest; yet it has sunk into such a state of decay that, in the ten years ending 1829, the annual produce has not exceeded £50,000. Out of 5,000 miners there are, probably, not 100 at work at the present day, and the silver, for some years past, has been extracted from piles of refuse of the former workings. It has been asserted that the city of Potosi, during its most flourishing state, contained a population of 150,000, and in its present decline not more than 10,000 inhabitants.

Some years after the commencement of the present century, but previous to the emancipation of Peru from the Spanish yoke, Don Jose Ramirez and Don Miguel Gallardo, miners, and natives of Andalusia, left old Spain, and arrived at the port of Arica, on their way to Potosi, for the purpose of working some of its numerous silver mines, having brought with them a considerable capital, in cash, goods, quicksilver and mining implements. After a careful survey of the far-famed "cerro" so justly famed for its riches in Europe, each purchased separate mines, and commenced working them on an extensive scale. After the expiration of several years, the former became immensely rich by the result of his labors; but the latter, on the contrary, became wretchedly poor, having sunk all his capital in his mines, and being also deeply embarrassed with outstanding debts to a considerable amount, the workings having been unproductive. In consequence of this, he resolved upon a stratagem to increase the value of his mine in appearance, and then sell it to Don Jose for the highest price he could obtain for it, and by so doing extricate himself from all his difficulties. With this intent, he loaded his gun with silver amalgam, (which by severe pressure becomes very hard, and containing about one-fifth of its weight of the precious metal,) and, descending to the lowest part of his mine, in the absence of his men, discharged the contents into the deepest part of his workings. The scattered particles gave the lode a rich silvery appearance; and next day he offered it for sale as intended, to Don Jose, who ordered the mayor-domo and head manager of his mines to survey and examine it as to its probable value, and report accordingly. The rich and silver amalgam dispersed by the discharge of the gun, stuck hard and fast among the stones and poor ore of the vein, shining like so much native silver, completely deceiving the unsuspecting manager, who consequently gave a statement of the mine highly favorable, informing his "patron" it was in "beneficio" having "plata blanca a la vista," and which he considered cheap at one hundred thousand dollars, which sum was accordingly handed over to Don Miguel. With a portion of the amount he paid off his debts, and with the remainder made a hasty retreat to the coast, where he embarked on board a vessel on the point of sailing for Chili. On his arrival at Valparaiso he was undecided what line of conduct to pursue, or where to go to, being much inclined to return to his native land, but not wishing to do so poorer than he had left it, because there was a stigma of disgrace in old Spain, attached to any Spaniard arriving from Mexico or South America, under such circumstances; and accidentally hearing there was some probability of succeeding in mining operations in the neighborhood of Copiapo, he determined to make a trial in that place, with the hope of better success in future. On his arrival at the then dreary port of Copiapo, he proceeded to the "villa" of that name, some twenty leagues in the interior, in an Easterly direction from the coast, toward the Cordillera, and a few days afterward to the mineral district of San Antonio, where he bought a silver mine, and commenced working it to the extent his capital permitted. At that date, and previously, the Spaniards principally worked mines of gold and copper in this district, as the old mines round about and in sight of the city of Copiapo duly testify. Some few silver mines were worked, but in general were little attended, so much so, that even the proceeds, in 1821, are said not to have averaged more than 20,000 marks (of eight ounces) annually; but a great change has taken place since that period, for now mines of gold are almost entirely neglected. Some few of copper are still worked, but attended with anything but profit, on account of the scarcity of wood for smelting the ores, the dearness of provisions, which have to be brought from Valparaiso and the more Southern parts of Chili, the want of water, and the difficulty, to say nothing of the expense, of land carriage over desert districts. In one instance, it is well known some thousand tons of ores had lain, for some years, at the mouth of a mine, which, for want of rain, and consequently forage for the mules, it was found impossible to remove and carry to the port for embarkation. The working of silver mines, of late years, has been more attended to, and the exportation of that metal has now increased to more than 150,000 marks annually.

In the meantime, year after year rolled on, but Don Miguel met with no better success than he had previously done in the "cerro" of Potosi; yard after yard was excavated, producing some "manthos y plomos" of silver, sufficient to induce him to proceed, but insufficient to pay the necessary expenses; and as his capital was diminished, and his debts increasing, he clearly saw himself fast hastening to ruin. He was also unhappy for the deceit he had practised on his countryman and friend, which had been regretted and sincerely repented, preyed upon his mind and spirits, so much so, that although impending ruin stared him in the face, he determined never to adopt the same stratagem again.

The poverty of Don Miguel by this time became notorious, and he was talked of and pointed at as a poor and unfortunate miner. To avoid being arrested for debt he galloped backward and forward on the "cerro" from the mine to the villa, and from Copiapo to the mineral of San Antonio. During these rapid journeys he always stopped at the "rancho," or hut, of an old Indian woman, about half way between both places, for the purpose of breathing his horse, taking his "yerba mate," and smoking a cigar. She never omitted to inquire how the work of the mine proceeded, and from him plainly understood he was unhappy, and on the very verge of ruin, unless some very extraordinary good luck turned up, and the mine became suddenly rich, which, yard after yard, he had been anxiously but vainly expecting. "Never mind, Don Miguel," said the bronzed old woman, "you shall have a mine yet that will make you a rich man, notwithstanding all your present troubles, and which will not only enable you to pay all your debts, but leave you a rich man in the bargain." These remarks, so often repeated, only drew a deep sigh from Don Miguel; and although there was an earnestness in the tone and manner of the old woman, little or no attention was paid to them, and they were no sooner uttered than forgotten. At length, she died somewhat suddenly, and on her death bed charged her only son (a wood-cutter, who gained his livelihood by carrying wood from the "cerro" to the town,) to inform the unhappy Don Miguel, what she had always intended to have done herself, (for from some unknown motive, or perhaps former kindness, she was grateful to him, and determined to save him from what he clearly confessed was inevitable ruin, although she well knew her doing so would meet with the disapprobation of all her Indian race,) that, in the "cerro" of Chanarcilla, some eighteen or twenty leagues to the Southward and Eastward of the town of Copiapo, there existed a silver vein unknown to any one except herself and her son, and which she had often referred to in their conversation when he called to rest himself at her hut during his numerous journeys to and from the mine and from the villa.

The son, in compliance with the charge of his dying mother, made known her wishes on this subject to Don Miguel, who immediately accompanied him to Chanarcilla, for the purpose of inspecting the lode already mentioned, but with little expectation of seeing anything like its boasted riches; but what must have been his astonishment on his arrival at the "cumbre" or summit of the hill, to find a solid mass of silver, standing about two feet above the surface of the stony ground, with a cross rudely crossed on the metal. Tradition says the knowledge of this vein had been handed down in the family from father to son, and from generation to generation, who each in his turn vowed, on kissing the cross, never to make known or discover his situation to a white man. The once surrounding "caxa" or walls of the lode, after a succession of ages, had decomposed and fallen from the silver, which stood alone, a beautiful and splendid sight to the astonished, unhappy, and almost broken-hearted old miner, who gazed on in silence upon the white metallic mass. He returned immediately to the town of Copiapo, where he took a "pedimento" or document without loss of time, giving him a legal right to the discovery, and called the mine "La Descubridora," by which name it has long been known at Chanarcilla, and up to the present day retains its fame for the abundance of rich silver ore it produces. From this date Don Miguel became a rich and an altered man, and the nervous debility of both body and mind, with which he had been for some years afflicted, caused by poverty, distress, and anxiety, left him entirely.

The discovery of such immense riches in the "cerro" of Chanarcilla soon spread far and wide over the Southern and neighboring districts of Huasco and Coquimbo, and also to the province of Cayo, on the Eastern side of the Cordillera de los Andes, one of the "united" provinces of Buenos Ayres, where it is said, in La Rioja and Fumatina, rich silver mineral deposits have been met with.

From 5,000 to 6,000 persons from the provinces soon hurried to the spot, where they lived under the temporary tents, on a part of the hill, which, in the mineral of Chanarcilla, is called "Las Capas" to this day.

Large masses of rich native silver, of an almost incredible size, were found by these persons in every direction, at the foot as well as at the summit of the "cerro;" and the embarkation of bar silver, (nearly pure,) from Copiapo to Valparaiso has, since this discovery, and others of a more recent date, amounted to little short of 200,000 marks (of eight ounces each) annually; and as some thousands of persons are at present actually employed looking for, and finding new mines, that amount is gradually increasing. Probably no single mineral in Peru or Mexico, during the present century, has yielded such an abundance of rich silver ore in so short a period—much of which, it is well known, produced 75 per cent. of silver, the large pieces of which (some of them from three to four quintals) were so solid as to require blasting with powder to break them asunder, and only melting and pouring into moulds to form ingots—the quality of which, by assay was nearly pure.

Don Miguel much regretted the untimely death of his old Indian friend, and gave her son what is called a "doble" in the mine, that is, permitting him to work one of the richest galleries of the mine for a given time, with as many hands as he could there put to work, which, after the expense of extracting, carriage by mules to the villa of Copiapo, and, amalgamating in that place, produced him sixty thousand dollars, clear of these expenses. With this amount in silver he left Copiapo, and arrived at the capital, Santiago de Chili, for the purpose of selling it, and enjoying himself in seeing the world, where, falling into the hands of some gamblers, he soon lost five or six thousand dollars, in one evening, and, to avoid being further entangled in their meshes, he left the city for the port of Valparaiso, to which place three of them followed. Knowing the amount he had brought with him from Copiapo, and, being on the look out they met him, as they pretended, accidentally in the street, and insisted on his dining with them, when he was induced to drink wine too freely; and, cards being afterwards introduced, he was fleeced of every remaining dollar before daylight next morning. Borrowing two or three doubloons from a friend who knew his circumstances, he returned to Huasco, where he soon after died of mortification and vexation at the folly of his conduct in being so easily duped.

Don Miguel did not forget his former friend, Don Jose Ramirez, and, as soon as his circumstances permitted, wrote to him, requesting he would draw upon him, at sight, for $100,000 and interest, the amount received from him for the sale of the mine he previously sold him in the "cerro" of Potosi; at the same time explaining that he knew the mine was of no value at the time he bought it, and that now, having the means to refund the money, he was ready and anxious to do so as soon as possible. His friend was much surprised at the nature of such a communication, and replied that he must have been much mistaken, for he had not proceeded more than a yard in the different workings before he met with an "alcanse" of "plata blanca a la vista," or bar silver, and that he had drawn an immense quantity of rich ore from the mine, which was one of the best and most valuable in all the mineral of Potosi; that he had long wished and had been desirous to add double or treble the amount he had formerly paid for it; and that he would have advised him sooner to that purpose but could never ascertain his whereabouts, or how to address him, it having been reported he had gone to Mexico, or returned to old Spain, completely disgusted with mining adventures. A further correspondence took place, which was succeeded by an interview, at which a mutual and full explanation took place of what had occurred to each other during their absence, when both agreed to sell their mines, and wind up their affairs. Don Miguel employed the most extensive "vitron," or amalgamation establishment, in the villa of Copiapo, to extract the silver from some ore remaining in his house in the suburbs of the villa, which took forty-five days to accomplish, and which produced him sixteen thousand marks of silver pure, worth about £30,000 sterling; they then determined to return to old Spain, and soon after left the West Coast for Cadiz, where they arrived in safety.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Melancthon was reproached by some one with changing his views. "Do you think, sir," replied he, "that I have been studying assiduously for thirty years without having learned any thing?"

Miscellaneous.

ROMANCE OF MATRIMONY.

We have all heard of marriages, cross-marriages, and intermarriages; but for the utter confusion of marriage, the reader is referred to the following statement, which is avouched as true in all its particulars:

Some years ago a respectable young English woman, residing near London, became the object of affection to a worthy sea captain, and after due acquaintance and preliminaries, it was agreed upon among the friends, as well as themselves, that their union would be a proper one, and they were accordingly married. The marriage was a most happy one, and the husband and wife lived together in the bonds of real affection. At length during a distant voyage, the captain's vessel was lost, and the young wife was made wretched with the intelligence that her husband, together with every soul on board, had been lost with the wreck. Utterly disconsolate, and wasting in health, the young widow was at length induced by her relatives to visit America, in the hope that a change of scene would wear away her distress. She had friends already here, and to them she came on a temporary visit. Having reached the western world, it was found that either change of scene, or salt-sea air, had wrought miracles on her health and spirits; her bloom returned, her mind was more composed, and in less than six months after her arrival, she found herself reclining upon the affections of a second husband, a countryman of her own.

With this one she resided upwards of a year, and having a strong desire to visit home again, she obtained her husband's consent, and departed on board a steamer, for the land of her early joys and sorrows. As she approached her native shores, her reflections naturally reverted to past scenes, among which those of her first domestic enjoyments were vividly prominent. The form of her lost one rose before her and mingled in memory with scenes of happiness, like the half faded images of golden dreams, and a shower of tears attested the sincerity of her emotions. She reached England. What was her astonishment on being informed that her husband, the captain, after boxing the compass over strange seas and strange lands, for a couple of years, had returned safe and sound, and was at that moment within the sound of the Bowbells! Her delight was unbounded; she forgot—no, she did not forget—her latter spouse, but she forthwith sat down and addressed to him an epistle, stating the fact of the return of her first love, and in polite, if not tender strains, assured him that it would be utterly impossible to return to his affectionate arms. This despatched, she forthwith prepared to seek and once more be happy, with the man who had won her virgin heart. But alas for the fallacy of human hopes! Verily

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The deserted husband, indignant at the seeming want of affection and respect, as evinced in her second marriage, refused to recognize, or have anything to do with her. Here was a dilemma not anticipated. She had cast off one, and been cast off in turn by the other. The poor thing took it much to heart, as well she might. To be a widow with two living husbands was an attitude as unlooked for as it was unusual, and her position afforded a spectacle for the world to gaze upon. The captain remained obdurate; and on the other hand, the idea of supplicating the other was too humiliating to be entertained, to say nothing of the chances of being again rejected.—Thus things wore on for a few months, and the situation of the lady grew more and more perplexing and appalling. A husband she must have; so, as a last resort, she determined to cross the Atlantic again, and present herself in modest humility to her abused *spouse* in America.

To resolve, was to perform. Again she crossed the ocean, when, horror of horrors! she found her love safely ensconced in the arms of another wife! He, poor fellow, having given her up as irretrievably lost, had consoled himself philosophically, and taken a legitimate antidote for his sorrows, by marrying again.

This new trouble appeared, at first sight, even more frightful than the former, but matters turned out better than she anticipated. The "gude mon" was not so fastidious as the captain, or else he had made a bad speculation in his last venture. He no sooner knew of her arrival, than he presented himself before her, and finding her disengaged of all other matrimonial alliances, took her again to his arms, and coolly bowed the new incumbent out of the house. The returned wife still reigns mistress of the duplicate husband's heart, and she is very glad in the privilege of loving, honoring, and *obeying* him.

MODERN DEGENERACY.

Major Noah writes as follows:

"Modern Degeneracy.—Bayard Taylor has been lecturing upon this subject at Hartford, and we gather from the *Hartford Times*, that he assumed the moderns to have degenerated from the ancient stock in the matter of 'broad chests, stalwart frames, and noble bearing.' This is an error. We have seen in our day a pretty extensive assortment of Roman, Norman, Anglo-Norman, Spanish, and other ancient armor, covering a period of many hundreds of years, and we feel certain that the average dimensions of that ancient harness was rather under than over the size which would be required for the average of the same races at the present day. It is true that the powers of endurance of the men of old might have been greater than are generally possessed by the 'degenerate modern wretch;' but we do not believe that, with the same physical training, the animal man of the nineteenth century is at all inferior to the man of old Rome, or of the age of chivalry."

Upon the above, N. P. Willis thus comments:

We can corroborate the Major's theory, as far as the Knights of the London Clubs will serve for examples, as we chanced to be in London when the training for the Eglinton Tournament was the daily resort, and know it to be true, that the harness of ancient chivalry had to be enlarged for those fine fellows. (Any "knocker," by the way, who is in the habit of reading the Home Journal, would gratify us by mentioning the fact to Cœur de Lion, if he chance to fall in with him.) We have no doubt, too, that these modern Knights, trained, beforehand, to fox-hunting, and mounted upon steeds of long-improved blood, *rode* better than the cavaliers of old.—Whether some of the ancient knightly services for a "ladye fair," would not be considered "a bore" by a St. James Street dandy, we suggest as a query of historical comparison.

The knights of Broadway, we must own, are rather of the Saladin build. It is said to be a fact that no New Yorker, who could speak unreservedly of his grandfather, is over five feet four inches in height, or weighs over one hundred and twenty. The money-fever of our climate pulls upon the juices of the system; and it is now reduced to a statistic, that the making, hoarding and spending of a fortune—done by three generations—reduces the stature of a family eight inches. Whether the *descendants* recover what the *ascendants* have thus lost, is a problem the country is not yet old enough to determine—but, the possibility of recuperation from Wall-street dwarfage, is a question of national interest which the Historical Society should hand over to a Committee.

And—*apropos* of beauty and Major Noah—this excellent editor, (whose opinions we usually look to, from the liberal relish they have, of his being equally extant all over,) finds fault with what he considers an injustice to female beauty, in the following portion of our criticism of Parodi's Romeo:—

"There was a hearty laugh at the consistent gallantry with which Parodi-Romeo picked up the bouquets and presented them lovingly to Juliet—half of them, at least, intended doubtless for herself. It was in these stoopings-down, by the way, that her movements made their only betrayal of the disguise—the knee-joints bending woman-esquely inwards instead of man-ishly outwards—in all other points the gallant prima donna acting as any gentleman would do in her place."

Will the Major oblige us by stepping into Barnum's, as he goes down Broadway, and looking at a plaster model of the Venus de Medicis? He will then see that the classical idea of female beauty is—true to Nature—knock-kneed.—The Greek slave, (though she always looks to us as if just pulling the string of a shower-bath,) has the knees drawn together from faithfulness to the same law of Nature. It was as a beauty, in Parodi, that we mentioned it, and to do justice to the feminine instinct which betrayed itself, like Rosalind's, through hose and doublet. Will the Boston Transcript, the Sunday Courier, and six or seven other friendly contemporaries who have attacked our taste for the same remark, please look at such examples as may fall in their way, and do justice to us and Nature?

Curious Story about Mosquitoes.—Ellis, in his narrative of Captain Jane's voyage, says that he carried a frozen mass of what he believed to be peat, and laid it before the fire, when presently the whole room was filled with a cloud of mosquitoes. They had clustered together and become a frozen mass, like bees when about to throw off their swarms.

☞ If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.—*Crystals from a Cavern.*

COMPARATIVE POWER OF THE STATES.

The approach to completion of the census returns enables us to give the following comparative table of the power of the individual States, as represented in the National Council, or rather of their increase and decrease of power during the last decade. The Slave States are in Italics:

ADVANCING STATES.

Pennsylvania gains	1	member.
Illinois	" 2	"
Missouri	" 2	"
Indiana	" 1	"
Arkansas	" 1	"
Massachusetts	" 2	"
Mississippi	" 1	"
Michigan	" 1	"

STATES WHICH HOLD THEIR OWN IN THE UNION.

Connecticut,	*Louisiana,*
New Jersey,	*Tennessee,*
Ohio,	*Kentucky,*
Maryland,	*Delaware,*
Georgia,	Rhode Island.
Alabama,	

DECLINING STATES.

South Carolina loses	2	members.
Virginia	" 2	"
New York	" 1	"
Maine	" 1	"
North Carolina	" 1	"
Vermont	" 1	"
New Hampshire	" 1	"

Florida and Delaware are properly declining States, but having but one member each, of course cannot lose. In justice to the other States, the ratio of representation should never be less than the representative population of the smallest State. At present Florida, with 18,000, has as much political power as Rhode Island, with a free population of 148,000.

New York is the Empire State in population, but her comparative increase is less than that of the whole country, and her power and influence are therefore, in this sense, declining.

Pennsylvania is, as before, the second in the Union. She has been steadily gaining on New York for the past 20 years, but can hardly overtake her before 40 or 50 years, before which many changes may occur.

Ohio has been in the Union 60 years, and has arrived at maturity. She trod hard on the heels of Pennsylvania 10 years back, but is distanced in the comparative account.

Virginia has been steadily falling back, and will probably be overhauled by Indiana in the next decade.

Massachusetts has gained nobly the last 10 years, and is the most active and progressive of all the Old Thirteen, except Pennsylvania.

No State West of the mountains has lost in power.

The advancing States are three of them Slave and five Free.

The declining States are three of them Slave and four Free.

Texas, Iowa, California, Wisconsin and *Florida*, having been admitted since last census, are not classed in the above table.

The entire North gains 2 members. The entire South loses 1 member.

The sceptre is gradually travelling Westward. The Old Thirteen gain two and lose seven members.

New England gains one and loses three members.

The Middle States hold their own.

The eleven Southern Atlantic and Gulf States lose four members.

The other four Southern States gain three members.

And the West and North-West (of course the new States are not counted) gain four members.—*Correspondent of the North American.*

Delicious.—The attention of those who contemplate visiting the "Great Exhibition" is called to the following description of the eatables and drinkables that the good people of London are daily served with. The statement is from the London Morning Post:—"Our milk contains everything but milk, our bread is we know not what, our water full of fighting devils of most ferocious aspect, our white pepper consists chiefly of ground rice, and our black of iron filings and the sweeping of the custom-house floors; and the component parts of our coffee are chicory, burnt beans, and roasted wheat colored with burnt molasses."

Clippings.

☞ All the Silver.—General ——, invited a person of consequence to dine with him, and ordered his servant to put all his silver on the table. What was the General's surprise and chagrin, when he saw, in the centre of the table, a silver tureen, containing eleven silver spurs.

☞ At the end of the current fiscal year the public debt of the United States will amount to one hundred millions of dollars.

☞ There is no creature of the earth, air, or water, which lives by prey, so difficult to drive from the object of its pursuit as a speculator who has his eye on the plunder of the public treasury.

☞ Excessive Heat.—Lame Jim Jones says, when he was in South Carolina, one summer, it turned very cold, snow fell on the 9th of August, at least six inches deep, and when the sun came out it was so hot the snow never got a chance to melt, *it cooked a brown crust on top!*

☞ In Montenegro, though it is one of the wildest regions of all Europe, in order to travel safely nothing is requisite but the presence of a woman. Even robbers never lay hands on a woman, and the party which has one in its company goes safer than with a passport from the Prince.

☞ Graves says that the principal productions of Great Britain are East winds, fogs, rheumatism, pulmonary complaints and taxes. He says her imports are logwood for her port wine drinkers, and chicory for the lovers of "old Mocha."

☞ If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes—just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

☞ "Cabbage," says the Edinburgh Review, "contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other nutriment whatever." This, probably, accounts for there being so many athletic fellows among the *tailors*.

☞ The Lord Chamberlain of England has strictly forbidden the representation of "Jack Sheppard," "Oliver Twist," "Dick Turpin," &c., in the London theatres.

☞ Dobbs says, that to start the milk business requires less capital than most people imagine. He was in it for a year, he says, and all the money he spent was laid out in the purchase of a barrel of chalk and a new pump handle.

☞ Dickens's Micawber is of the opinion that a person's children should increase with his troubles; for the greater the number who prop up a falling house, the less pushing will be required from each particular one. According to his philosophy, the best cure for adversity is twins.

☞ It has been calculated that more than three hundred pounds of blood pass through a man's heart during every hour of his life. The average quantity of blood in an adult male is about 30 pounds: so that the same blood, we might say, passes through the heart ten times an hour.

☞ The natural small pox usually carries off eight in every hundred attacked with it; but of three hundred inoculated only one dies.

☞ Why are railroad cars in no danger from lightning? Because every train has a conductor.

☞ Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculty of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

☞ A Frenchman, conversing in English with an Englishman staying in Paris, on the subject of the underground concerts in that capital, asked if there were any similar establishments in London? The Englishman quietly replied, that London abounded in *wine-cellars.* Oh!

☞ Dr. Bettner recently delivered a Lecture in New York, on "Java and the Javanese." The coffee plant, he said, is not a native of Java, but was introduced by the Europeans.

☞ The English law of checks is, that the drawer of a check is not discharged by any delay of the holder in presenting it, provided the delay does not exceed six years. But if the banker fails, then a delay of more than a day after the receipt of the check, casts the loss on the holder of the check, whereas, had he (the holder) not delayed the presentation of it beyond the next day, he could recover from the drawer.

☞ Mark how erect is he who treads the plain—how bent his figure who ascends the mountain, and you will learn that contentment only is uprightness, and that ambition compels a stooping.

☞ The editors of the New Orleans Picayune acknowledge the receipt of a basket of fine ripe strawberries, grown in the open air in the garden of a gentleman of that city.

☞ By trying to kill calumny, it is kept alive; leave it to itself, and it dies a natural death.

☞ Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

☞ Why will next year be the same as last? Because last year was eighteen hundred and fifty, and the next will be eighteen hundred and fifty-*one*.

☞ Never leave the highway for a by-way, in religion, politics, or morals.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00 Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
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20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

A SUPPLEMENT.

As some of our new subscribers may wish to read the earlier portions of Mrs. Southworth's Novelet (Virginia and Magdalene,) and yet not desire to have so many back numbers, we shall print a Supplement, containing all of the story up to the 22nd of this month, (February.)

New subscribers can, therefore, either have the Supplement, and commence their subscriptions with the paper of February 22nd; or they can take the back numbers (until our stock of them is exhausted,) and begin their subscriptions with the first of January. *For the Supplement we shall make no charge.*

New subscribers will please state in their letters whether they desire the back numbers from the first of the year, or the Supplement.

P. S. It will be observed that we now state that the Supplement will contain the whole of the story up to February 22nd, instead of to February 15th, as was first announced. We found, in printing the Supplement, that it was more convenient to include all up to the former date.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE.

We enter this week upon the third and last part of this deeply interesting story. The portion in to-day's paper, we would commend to all who doubt that Mrs. Southworth possesses real genius and power—not mere clap-trap and whipt syllabub—but the true creative faculty.

A WORD MORE.

In our last paper we made a few remarks relative to a libel suit that had recently been brought against ourselves and others by a publisher of this city. We had hopes that we should not again be under the necessity of obtruding our private concerns upon the public, but circumstances seem to render it imperative that we should recur to the subject.

Since our last issue, we have seen what purports to be a "*full and complete phonographic report*" of the trial alluded to. The publisher terms it, we quote his very language:

"A full and complete report"—"reported phonographically"—which "will furnish to the reader the *very words*—questions of counsel, answers of witnesses, speeches, charge of the judge—as they were uttered on the trial."

We understand that this report is to be scattered far and wide, we suppose with the hope of injuring us and our paper. It therefore becomes us to say, that said report is neither a full nor an accurate report (in several essential particulars) of the trial in question.

In the first place, the Card itself, whose publication was alleged to be libellous—is not once given in the so-called "*full and complete phonographic report*" which has been published.

That Card, which was the very basis of the trial, is omitted in the report of the trial.

That Card was read, we judge, half-a-dozen times in the course of the case—we are certain it was read at least three times (once by each lawyer)—and yet not *once* does it appear, from the beginning to the end, of this "*full and complete phonographic report.*"

Three daily papers of this city gave—not "*full and complete phonographic reports*"—but short summaries of the trial in question. In each of these summaries the Card was given, as a matter of primary importance, and absolutely necessary to an understanding of the facts and merits of the case—but then these were merely short abstracts, and not "*full and complete phonographic reports.*"

It is a matter of common notoriety, that a manager of a Theatre once announced "the play of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted"—that manager must have been a near relative of the author and publisher of this "*full and complete phonographic report.*"

And why was the Card in question omitted at each and all of the three to six places where it should have come in—why was it not given in any part of this "*full and complete phonographic report?*"

We will tell you why. Because the true character of this case would have gone out before the country. Because it would have been seen that the Card was one which a proper regard for our own interest and the public good warranted us in publishing. Because that Card is its own sufficient defence. Because it was mild in its tone, cautious in its statements, and such as the public at large would have approved and justified. Because, in one word, it was a prophecy which came true.

But, it will doubtless be said, its insertion was forgotten. We suppose so—forgotten once, and forgotten twice, and forgotten thrice, and we know not how many more times. Strange freaks some men's memories play them.

After noting this first and vital omission, this want of the most important part, in the "*full and complete phonographic report,*" it is scarcely necessary to allude to other omissions. A discussion of two hours' length (according to the very confession of the report itself,) crammed into the fourth of a column—omissions of clap-trap appeals to the jury as poor men—smoothings down of things said by plaintiff's lawyer, which some one was either afraid or ashamed to put into print—such things were naturally to be looked for.

And such an unfair report is expected to injure the proprietors of the Post with the great and intelligent American public! If we mistake not, our adversaries have loaded a gun whose recoil will do infinitely more mischief than its bullet. That public know what the law of libel is—that, on a criminal charge, the doctrine of the law is: "The greater the *truth*, the greater the libel." That public know, therefore, that if an opponent, fearful of the fair and open field of newspaper discussion, chooses to appeal to the law of libel, he can fetter the utterance of a prudent man, so that he cannot justify himself, and tear asunder a plausible disguise, as he otherwise would. This must be our excuse for aught that appears ambiguous in relation to this matter—this must be our justification for not doing what would otherwise be our duty to ourselves and the public.

A CONTRADICTION.

In our last paper we published an article attributed to Charles Sumner, from a New England paper, tracing an alleged relationship between Lord Brougham and Patrick Henry. Since then we have seen a denial of Sumner's authorship of said article, while it is asked, with some force, how is it, if there was any relationship of the kind, that Wirt, who wrote the life of the Virginia orator, never knew anything of it. Still this does not settle the point, for biographers are often unaware of facts of great interest respecting the subjects of their labors.

REED'S LECTURES.

We call the attention of our Philadelphia readers to Professor Henry Reed's new course of Lectures on English Literature. The subjects of the four lectures, are English Sacred Literature, Literature of Wit and Humor, Literature of Letter Writing, and Wordsworth's Autobiographical Poem, "The Prelude."

NEW POSTAGE LAW.

We are very well pleased with the *new* Postage Law, if it be interpreted by the Postmaster General according to what it really says, and not according to what he may *suppose* to be meant. In relation to regular weekly newspapers, the law fixes the rates of postage as follows:

RATES PER QUARTER.

	New Rate	Present Rate
In Co. where pub.,	Free	13
Not exceeding 50 m.,	5 cents	13
From 50 to 300,	10	19½
" 300 to 1,000,	15	19½
" 1,000 to 2,000,	20	19½
" 2,000 to 4,000,	25	19½
Exceeding 4,000,	30	19½

The above rates to be paid quarterly by subscribers.

The Law then goes on to say: That other newspapers (not periodical ones, or sent to regular subscribers,) and each circular not sealed, handbill, engraving, periodical, magazine, not exceeding one ounce, shall pay the following rates:

500 miles,	1 cent	2,500 to 3,500	4 cents
500 to 1,500	2 "	Exceed. 3,500	5 "
1,500 to 2,500	3 "		

Each additional ounce, or part of an ounce, double those rates.

There then occurs the following paragraph, to which we call the particular attention of the reader:

Subscribers to *all* periodicals shall be required to pay one quarter's postage in advance; *in all such cases the postage shall be one-half the foregoing rates.*

Now, if newspapers be periodicals, and we think that any one who consults his Dictionary, or understands the true meaning of the word, will admit that they are—that the word periodical applies to every publication published periodically, or at regular intervals—then the above quarterly rates of newspapers, when paid in advance by subscribers, shall be reduced one-half—which would make the rates up to and over 4,000 miles, 2½, 5, 7½, 10 and 15 cents, respectively—and be something worth calling a "*reduction* of postage."

The Law is to go into operation on the first of July next. Its other principal provisions are, briefly, as follows:

A uniform postage of three cents on pre-paid single letters, and five cents if not pre-paid.

When letters are conveyed wholly or in part by sea, and to, from, or through any foreign country, over 2,500 miles, 15 cents, under 2,500 miles, 10 cents, except where postage is already regulated by treaty.

One-half ounce weight or under, is a single letter, under one ounce double, and so on.

Drop letters, one cent each.

The Postmaster is authorized, whenever the revenue of the P. O. Department shall, for a year, have exceeded the expenditure, to reduce the postage on letters within the United States, to two cents single rate and when pre-paid.

Bound books not exceeding 32 ounces weight, are mailable matter.

Three cent pieces (three-fourth silver and one-fourth copper,) are to be coined.

The amount allowed Postmasters under present law not to be reduced; or present post-routes discontinued."

We may add in relation to newspapers, that the distance and rate of two thousand miles from Philadelphia, will embrace probably every portion of the settled United States this side the Rocky Mountains, except the extreme West and South-West. It may be that Congress (with its usual wisdom,) thought that the settlers on the frontiers, being nearer California, could afford to pay more postage for their Eastern papers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of English intelligence is the news that Lord John Russell has tendered his resignation as Prime Minister, and now merely holds office until another government can be formed. The cause of this movement is not clearly defined—further than that the Ministry have been growing weaker for some time past in Parliament. The vote on the subject of Free Trade and Protection was a great blow to Lord John—and this was followed up by a motion by Mr. Locke King to equalize the franchise in counties and boroughs, by giving the right of suffrage to the occupiers of tenements of the annual value of £10—thus extending the number of voters—on which the government, taking the negative, was defeated by a majority of 100 against 52. On the other hand, the Premier obtained leave to bring in his anti-papal bill by a majority of 332 votes. This last, however, was by no means a test question. What kind of a Ministry will come in, in the place of the Whig one, no journalist appears willing to predict.

A report has been received in England from some Indians located in the neighborhood of the extreme Northern station of the Russian Fur Company, that a party of white men had been encamped 300 or 400 miles inland, and had been murdered in a quarrel with the natives. It is supposed by some that this was Sir John Franklin's party. Whether these men spoken of were or were not Sir John's company, little hope can now be entertained of finding them alive, as their provisions must have been expended one year, and their fuel been burned out nearly two years since.

The Manchester (England) Guard, in relation to Flax Cotton, says:

From what we have been able to learn as to its cost, we still think that, considered merely as a substitute for cotton, it will lose its value in periods when the price of the latter material is moderate; but it may, no doubt, possess properties which will keep it in use at all times. Having on a former occasion expressed some doubt whether mixtures of flax and cotton would take a uniform color when dyed, we think it right to say that we have seen some dyed samples of the yarn, which appeared perfectly unexceptionable in this respect—all the colors being perfectly solid and uniform in depth and brightness.

The Queen of Portugal gave birth to a Princess on the 3rd ult. The babe died immediately after its birth.

In Paris there seems to be a determination to get up a subscription for the President, in spite of his wish (?) to the contrary, and several lists have been opened in Paris. The President's horses have in part been sold, and he threatens to give no more balls or festivals.

The most vigorous remonstrances are being made by the government of the President against the entrance of Austria, with all her States, into the Germanic confederation. Nothing is talked of with the diplomatic world but protocols, ultimatums, and casus belli. With regard to this question, the tone of the Elysee is warlike, and that of the organs of the Assembly vehemently opposed to all demonstrations of energy on the part of the Executive.

The French Government have sent considerable reinforcements to the army in Rome, so as to put the expedition on a war footing.

The first cargo of the productions of French industry, for the great exhibition at London, consists of 1,200 packages.

The German Ministerial papers state that France will mediate between Germany and Switzerland, and that England intends to support the latter Power. The German States will reserve their measures until the Central Executive Power shall have been constituted.

Poland is full of Russian troops, with what object it is not known.

There is a probability of a war between Turkey and Egypt. The Sultan desires the Pacha to reduce his forces—the Pacha refuses and augments them.

A letter from Ystad, in Sweden, contains an account of a strange and revolting scene at an execution, which took place there on the 28th of January. That day having been fixed for the decapitation of a Journeyman butcher, named Marcusson, and a woman named Botilla-Nilsdotter, for having murdered the husband of the latter, a vast number of the peasantry arrived on the previous evening, and bivouacked in the town all night. Although for upwards of sixty years no execution had taken place in the province, and for upwards of eight years, none in all Sweden, it was not so much curiosity which attracted the multitude, as the desire to swallow a drop of the blood of the criminals at the moment it should spurt from beneath the axe of the executioner; it being a popular belief in Sweden that it renders the weak strong, cures all sorts of maladies, and secures a long life. When the scaffold was erected the people assembled round with cups, glasses, bowls, some even with large saucepans, to catch the blood. The woman was first beheaded and then the man. The anxiety of the spectators was very great, and the moment the man's head was severed they broke through the line of soldiers. The soldiers, to drive them back, justly employed the butt ends of their muskets, and a desperate conflict ensued. At last the crowd succeeded in reaching the scaffold; but, in the meantime, the police had placed the bodies in a cart, and had sent them off under a strong escort of cavalry. They had, however, to take the precaution of removing, by spades and pickaxes, the portions of the road on which drops of blood happened to fall, to prevent the people from lapping up the blood.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We have been requested to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement on our third page, headed "Important to all Persons," in which the Robertsonian method of teaching various languages without a teacher, is adverted to—and also, to T. B. Peterson's advertisements of a "Hand Book for the Toilet," and Count D'Orsay's "Science of Etiquette."

DEATH OF A PUBLISHER.

The "New York Organ" comes to us in mourning for the death of Francis James Brognard, one of the proprietors of that well-edited paper. Mr. Brognard died at his residence in Jersey City, in the 35th year of his age.

A Testimonial.—The friends of the Rev. Isaac Leeser, Minister of the Portuguese Synagogue in this city, recently presented him with two handsome pitchers, two salvers, and six goblets, all of silver. The set cost $700, and were made by Conrad Bard & Son. When any of our friends take it into their heads to present us with that amount of money, they need not be at the trouble of melting down the half-dollars and running them into pitchers, &c.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSIONS

The loss of life and the amount of suffering on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers from explosions and other accidents, are truly awful. Three cases are now before us that have occurred recently. The steamer Oregon exploded on the 2nd instant, killing and wounding 70 persons.—All those on board, with a few exceptions, would probably have been consumed, had it not been for the assistance of another boat, that happened to be near.

The previous day, the "job" boat Corinne, exploded near New Orleans—ten men wounded and missing.

Not very long before, the Autocrat and Magnolia came in collision about 100 miles above New Orleans—at day-break, "weather clear, and the whole wide river for a channel"—and thirty deck passengers, an engineer, and three cabin passengers were lost. There were eight ladies, all of whom were saved. The Autocrat sunk in five minutes, in deep water. A passenger says:

A Mr. Ferguson, we do not know his place of residence, but understand his father is landlord of the Gayoso House, Memphis, snatched his child from the arms of his wife, and ran to the forecastle, leaving his wife, in the wildness of his alarm, in the ladies' cabin.

He stood by us a moment, and made such appeals to save himself and child, I trust in God I never may have occasion to hear again. We got him somewhat calm and quiet, and for which he stopped to thank us; but the next moment the cry that "*we are lost!*" was heard, and, indeed, it was cruelly true with them, for he attempted to leap into the Magnolia, and fell with his child into the pitiless element to rise no more. His wife was saved, and as she stood on the shattered wreck, watching with the wildest eagerness for the husband and child, she saw a man struggling in the water whom she supposed to be him. By maniac yells and distracted appeals, she induced attention to the drowning man, and by power almost superhuman, he was rescued, and when he reached the boat, the lady fell round him with her arms, and blessed God for the salvation of her husband. Poor, hopeless, widowed woman; she awoke from a sad and cruel dream, clinging with frenzied tenacity to the neck of him who was another's.

You may partially imagine surrounding scenes, when the gentleman thus saved remarked that he almost wished indeed it had been her protector instead of himself.

CONGRESS.

The Thirty-First Congress has seen its last days. The House, after a stormy life, had a peaceful and slumberous close; but the Senate, composed of older politicians, died hard. A majority of the latter body were determined to pass the River and Harbor Bill; but the minority were determined that they should not, even if the Appropriation Bills had to go by the board, and an extra session be rendered necessary. The majority having put the minority to this test, allowed the Bill to be laid on the table. Several other Bills were also killed by individual opponents, who spoke on them till they were implored to desist, and let the Bills be passed over.

The events of this session have shown the folly of wasting so much time in speeches for Buncombe, and leaving all the important Bills to the last two or three days. While the Appropriation and other necessary Bills were finally got through, with great difficulty, time was not allowed to properly amend them. The steamship projects were killed without discrimination. The French Spoliation Bill, one of the most just ever before Congress, has again failed for want of time, or, perhaps, disposition to pass it. A Cheap Postage Bill was passed, but not the one which was most acceptable, probably, to the country. But we are greatly pleased to be able to announce that the Joint Resolution authorizing the President to send a Government ship to the Mediterranean to bring Kossuth and his companions to the United States, was, we believe, *unanimously* adopted by both Houses. In the House, by a fortunate coincidence, just as the Russian Ambassador (Bodisco) entered.

MAIL INCIDENTS.

The Louisville Journal, of a recent date, says:

A few days ago, as we learn from an eye-witness, one of our steamboats, having the Southern mails on board, stopped as usual at a wood-yard opposite Selma, Mo., to put out the mail for that place, a man being ready with his skiff to take it across the river. One of the officers of the boat threw the mail bag to the man, but the latter, leaning forward to catch it, stumbled into the river up to his ankles. Several persons on the boat, laughed at his mishap, whereupon he seized the mail bag, hurled it furiously at them and exclaimed, "Go to the devil with your mails!" The mail bag went to the bottom of the river, and there no doubt it is now.

If the Postmaster General could only spare time to travel a little while along our Western mail route, he might see *a great many things that would astonish him.*

The above reminds us of a little adventure of our own the other day. Happening to pass before our Post Office, we saw a large number of untied mail bags standing around the door, containing packages of newspapers. "What's in those?" said we to a man who seemed to be keeping a watch over them. "Papers," he replied. "Is there no danger of some of them getting stolen, being left open in that manner?" "It wouldn't make much difference if they were—they are worth nothing, a whole bag full of them," replied he. We laughed, and passed on—thinking how differently our subscribers viewed the matter. Still the man was right so far that a bag of newspapers is of very little importance compared to a bag of *letters.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer suggests that an appeal be made by Virginia to South Carolina, to postpone her present designs. The Enquirer says:

Should not the Legislature take the occasion to make an appeal, firm, but respectful and kind, to South Carolina—such as we have above indicated—to pause in her course, *and not shiver the Confederacy to atoms?*

We think so undoubtedly. We go further—let each State of the Union depute its Governor as one of a Committee to wait upon the august Governor of South Carolina, get down on their marrow-bones before him, and humbly solicit of his honor, not to "*shiver the confederacy to atoms!*" not at least till—next time.

EMIGRANT'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

Collectors have been appointed to wait on our citizens, to solicit pecuniary aid for this Society. The Secretary has been tendered a free passage to Europe, to confer with the friends of the emigrant on the other side of the Atlantic, and will leave this country immediately after the next anniversary meeting of the Society in the first week of April. Said meeting will be addressed by David Paul Brown, Esq., on the duty of America to her adopted citizens, and, what we think of vastly greater importance, their duty to the land of their adoption. A lecture on the same subject will also be delivered in New York, by the Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn.

HOMŒOPATHIC COLLEGE.

The Third Annual Commencement of this Institution, was attended by a numerous concourse of ladies and gentlemen. The Valedictory Address, by Professor Walter Williamson, is spoken of as very interesting and eloquent. The Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon 29 gentlemen, two being of England. The College is, we believe, in a very flourishing condition.

HILLOTYPES.

A gentleman, named Hill, is said to have discovered a process of making colored—nature-colored—Daguerreotypes. They are called Hillotypes, after the discoverer.

☞ Seasonable Definitions.—*Snow*—Winter's dressing-gown. *Ice*—The sheet of the river's bed. *Icicles*—Nature's pendants, manufactured from gems of the purest water. *Dew*—A bill drawn by Night & Co., and taken up and accepted by the Sun. *Fog*—The cloud's embrace.

☞ A defect of imagination is the vice of a certain school of writers. In their love of decencies, and their self-respect for mediocrity, they would have every department of literature reduced to the Pickwickian propriety of a diplomatic correspondence.—*Literary World.*

☞ The Home Journal says that "Beebe, the Broadway hatter, will introduce at the World's Fair, next summer, a fashion of hats *with no right angles.*" The crown is to be "rounded off like the end of a pumpkin, and Hogarth's line of beauty preserved throughout."

☞ The Troy (N. Y.) ladies have introduced a "new feature" at their Fairs, which make them draw like steam engines. All the most bewitching girls wear placards, labelled "Kisses, one shilling each," and, in some cases, where the dealers possess extraordinary beauty, a price full as high as 25 cents is obtained. Gentlemen who are fond of gathering this kind of fruit, "melting from the tree," go in for it according to the weight of their purses, and one of the newspapers says, that one rosy-lipped, bright-eyed girl realized sixty-two dollars in a single evening. One gentleman actually purchased *eleven dollars' worth!*

☞ A Miss Gresley Jarmin's bustle was lately exhibited at the Clerkenwell (England) Police Court, and contained no less than ten pounds of feathers, which she was charged with having stolen from her lodgings. She denied the robbery, and declared that ten pounds of feathers was the usual complement of the bustles she wore.

☞ The number of churches in the city and county of Philadelphia, is set down at 247, seating 185,539 persons, and valued at nearly five million dollars.

New Publications.

The History of the United States of America. By Richard Hildreth. Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The history of the United States, says our author, naturally divides itself into two parts. The first part, embracing the colonial and revolutionary times, is included in the first three volumes of Mr. Hildreth's history. The volume before us is the first volume of the second part, embracing an account of the period subsequent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

Treating of the consolidation of parties during Washington's administration into Federalists, and Republicans or Democrats, this volume is of great interest. The author impresses the reader as a man of strong good sense, and literary integrity, even though he may dissent from his opinions. By reading Bancroft and Hildreth in conjunction, an impartial man will be able perhaps to arrive at pretty near the truth respecting our forefathers. To give our readers a taste of the latter, we quote the following brief sketches of those three great political leaders, Jefferson, John Adams, and Hamilton. The devoted followers in this day of each, will be a little outraged perhaps—as Mr. Hildreth finds imperfections in all of them, and, as it seems to us, especially in Mr. Jefferson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Gifted by nature with a penetrating understanding, a lively fancy, and sensibilities quick and warm; endowed with powers of pleasing, joined to a desire to please, which made him, in the private circle, when surrounded by friends and admirers, one of the most agreeable of men; exceedingly anxious to make a figure, yet far more desirous of applause than of power; fond of hypothesis, inclined to dogmatize, little disposed to argument or controversy, impatient of opposition, seeing every thing so highly colored by his feelings, as to be quite incapable of candor, or justice, toward those who differed from him; adroit, supple, insinuating, and, where he had no object to accomplish, understanding well how to flatter and to captivate; led by the warmth of his feelings to lay himself open to his friends, but towards the world at large cautious and shy; cast, both as to intellect and temperament, in a mould rather feminine than masculine, Jefferson had returned from France, strengthened and confirmed by his residence and associations there, in those theoretical ideas of liberty and equality to which he had given utterance in the Declaration of Independence.

During his residence in Europe, as well as pending the Revolutionary struggle, Jefferson's attention seems to have been almost exclusively directed toward abuses of power. Hence his political philosophy was almost entirely negative—its sum total seeming to be the reduction of the exercise of authority within the narrowest possible limits, even at the risk of depriving Government of its ability for good as well as for evil; a theory extremely well suited to place him at the head of those who, for various reasons, wished to restrict, as far as might be, the authority of the new General Government.

Though himself separated from the mass of the people by elegance of manners, refined tastes, and especially by philosophical opinions on the subject of religion, in political affairs Jefferson was disposed to allow a controlling, indeed absolute authority to the popular judgment. The many he thought to be always more honest and disinterested, and in questions where the public interests were concerned, more wise than the few, who might always be suspected of having private purposes of their own to serve. Hence he was ever ready to allow even his most cherished theoretical principles to drop into silence the moment he found them in conflict with the popular current. To sympathize with popular passions seemed to be his test of patriotism; to sail before the wind as a popular favorite, the great object of his ambition; and it was under the character of a condescending friend of the people that he rose first to be the head of a party, and then the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

JOHN ADAMS.

The two men who stood most immediately and obviously in Jefferson's way, were John Adams, the Vice President, and Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury; men, in character, temperament and opinions as different from him as they were from each other. By dint of untiring energy, seconded by great natural abilities, and an unextinguishable thirst for eminence which brooked no superior, and hardly an equal, Adams had risen from the condition of a country lawyer, the son of a poor farmer and mechanic, through various grades of public service, to the eminence which he now held. Nor did his aspirations stop short of the highest distinction in the power of the nation to bestow. Having risen by no paltry arts of popularity, or intrigue, for which he was but little fitted, nor by any captivating charm of personal manners, which he was very far from possessing, but owing every thing to the respect which his powerful talents, his unwearied labors, and his great public services had inspired, he still desired to be what he always had been, a leader rather than a follower, rather to guide public opinion, than merely to sail before it. He, too, had his political theories, very different from those of Jefferson—theories which he had not hesitated to set forth with a frankness very dangerous to his popularity. Alarmed at the levelling principles, as he esteemed them, to which the progress of the French Revolution had given rise, he had lately published, in Fenno's United States Gazette, a series of "Discourses on Davila," in which his political views were enforced and explained, not a little to the disgust of Jefferson and others, who professed peculiar regard for popular rights. Taking the history of nations, particularly Davila's account of the French civil wars, and the aspect of society, as his text, Adams pointed out, as the great spring of human activity, at least in all that related to politics, the love of superiority, the desire of distinction admiration and applause. Hence, in all societies, perpetual struggles for power; nor, in his opinion, could any form of government be permanent and secure, which did not provide as well for the reasonable gratification as for the due restraint of this powerful passion. As a means toward gratifying it, in a harmless way, Adams was inclined to favor a liberal use of titles of honor, and other ceremonious distinctions; and on this same ground he vindicated the institution of a Senate, seats in which might serve as a legitimate object of ambition to the rich and well-born. To counteract the encroachments of this aristocratical body, a popular assembly, on the broadest basis, would be necessary; and, to hold the balance between the two, and to prevent the one from gradually encroaching upon and ultimately annihilating the other, a powerful Executive. Only by means of such an equilibrium of authority, as it seemed to him, could liberty be secure, and in establishing and maintaining such a balance, consisted the great art and science of Government. Whether the frequent elections of Governors and Senators, adopted under the American Constitutions, would not rather serve as an avenue to corruption, instead of excluding it, as the theory was, Adams seemed greatly to doubt, and to incline to the opinion that the time would come when hereditary descent would be regarded as less an evil than annual fraud, if not violence also. Even in New England, as he pointed out, communities and governments the most Democratic in the world, the influence of family, and the claim to hereditary respect, had been recognized in the political honors freely bestowed by annual election, through successive generations, on members of a few distinguished families to which the higher offices had been chiefly restricted.

On the basis of these principles, Adams had concluded that the new French Constitution, which disavowed all distinctions of rank, which vested the legislative authority in a single assembly, and which, though retaining the office of King, stripped it of a large portion of its power, could not be lasting. As to Paine's "Rights of Man," an American edition of the first part of which had just been published, prefaced by a very complimentary note from Jefferson, not without an evident slur at the political heresies of the Discourses on Davila, Adams declared that he held that pamphlet in utter detestation. Nor was it long before a criticism upon it, under the signature of "Publicola," made its appearance in a Boston paper, written by John Quincy Adams, son of the Vice President, but which rumor ascribed to the Vice President himself.—In the promising talents of that son, in energy and labor not inferior to his father, though, in some other respects, much below him, Adams could hardly fail to see additional ground for his idea, that hereditary distinctions were but in conformity to the order of nature.

In this theory of politics, Adams seems entirely to have overlooked one most important consideration. If the love of superiority and distinction leads to the institution of ranks and orders, that very same sentiment diffusing itself through the mass of the people, produces impatience of the superiority of others, and a disinclination to submit to that inferiority which the existence of ranks and orders implies. Hence, it would seem to follow that, in a country like America, where the sentiment of political equality was so widely diffused, any thing approaching to a distinction of ranks was quite out of the question, Democratical equality being, in fact, only a further development of the effects of that very same sentiment out of which aristocratical distinctions originally grow.

HAMILTON.

Much less of a scholar or a speculatist than either Jefferson or Adams, but a very sagacious observer of mankind, and possessed of practical talents of the highest order, Hamilton's theory of Government seems to have been almost entirely founded on what had passed under his own observation during the war of the Revolution, and subsequently, previous to the adoption of the new Constitution. As Washington's confidential aid-de-camp, and as a member of the Continental Congress, after the peace, he had become very strongly impressed with the impossibility of duly providing for the public good, especially in times of war and danger, except by a Government invested with ample powers, and possessing means for putting those powers into vigorous exercise. To give due strength to a Government, it was necessary, in his opinion, not only to invest it on paper, with sufficient legal authority, but to attach the most wealthy and influential part of the community to it by the ties of personal and pecuniary advantage; for, though himself remarkably disinterested, acting under an exalted sense of personal honor and patriotic duty, Hamilton was inclined, like many other men of the world, to ascribe to motives of pecuniary and personal interest a somewhat greater influence over the course of events than they actually possess. Having but little confidence either in the virtue or the judgment of the mass of mankind, he thought the administration of affairs most safe in the hands of a select few; nor in private conversation did he disguise his opinion that, to save her liberties from foreign attack or intestine commotions, America might yet be driven into serious alterations of her Constitution, giving to it more of a monarchical and aristocratical cast. He had the sagacity to perceive, what subsequent experience has abundantly confirmed, that the Union had rather to dread resistance of the States to federal power, than Executive usurpation; but he was certainly mistaken in supposing that a President and Senate for life or good behavior, such as he had suggested in the Federal Convention, could have given any additional strength to the Government. That strength, under all elective systems, must depend on public confidence, and public confidence is best tested and secured by frequent appeals to the popular vote.

Parnassus in Pillory. A Satire. By Motley Manners, Esq. New York: Adriance, Sherman & Co., 2 Astor House.

A satire—in which an author avowedly sets out to say all the evil he knows, in a literary way, of his brethren—is not a kind of work that we particularly admire. We are willing to admit, however, that the present production is ably written, sharp, concise and witty, though its ability is rather of that kind which is called smartness, than of that which is called genius. Therefore, while we do not see why this "Parnassus in Pillory" should not be equal to Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," we *feel*, as we read, that it is not. But a few samples will give the reader a taste of our author's vein—filled as it is with blood. As Boker is a now Philadelphia celebrity, let us see what the satirist says of him—pray do not think, dear reader, that we endorse his criticism:

Now, 'pon my sacred word—'tis with a sigh
I lift the flagellating rods on high;
Like the stern Trappist strike I—though afresh
At every blow, bleed my own tender flesh;
Chastening whom most we love, we can't be mild,
Lest, whilst we "spare the rod," we "spoil the child."

Boker's a young man still—he wrote Calaynos,
For a young man 'twas not a crime too heinous;
There's a rich vein of blood-shed running through it—
(The pit at "Sadler's Wells" took kindly to it;)
Next he exhumed—I mean, he took from Hume,
A headless tale of bride and Bluebeard groom;
And last, to show the public how he braved it,
Brought "The Betrothal" out—and barely saved it,
His verse is well enough—smooth, classic, measured—
(Addison's style is one that should be treasured;)
True, there's no life where art the subject warps,
Put, as the crones say, "'tis a handsome corpse!"
Boker of bards is not the first nor last.
He's growing—haply, though, he grows too fast;
If poets seek the muse's bright empyrean,
They'll first do well to reach the heart's criterion;
Lay their foundation on good rocks—not water—
Then build like Cheops—if they've bricks and mortar—
So Boker—if he'll mind me to the letter,
(I can advise, because I write much better,)
Will tear to shreds his bookish rules, and write,
As Corny Mathews does, with all his might;
Then, if he charms not all the public noddles,
We'll know it is his own fault, not his model's.

If that about Boker is no truer than what follows, it is not worth much:

I know not why—and surely 'tis a pity,
The pen is penury in Penn's great city;
Songs make a man sans all things—ay, what worse is,
Verse, in an adverse ratio, brings reverses.
Would the poor author live by books, perchance he
Will find that Grub-street is no thing of fancy;
Does he serve Graham? "Graham bread" he shares;
Tells he for Godey? many a good he bears;
Would he the editorial tripod court?
Newspaper columns will no roof support.

We are afraid our author cannot write what is worth paying for, or else he would make no such charges. The Philadelphia magazines and papers pay probably ten times more to native literary talent, than the press of any other city in the land. We ourselves paid over a thousand dollars last year for novelets alone, and shall probably pay even more this.

The following on Holmes, is one of the best things in the book:

Oh, Doctor Holmes! Oh, funny Doctor Holmes!
Out of thy mouth Cochituate fairly foams;
Most glittering froth—until the gas is freed—
But then alas! a "venerable head."
Doctor! I like thee, and admire the zest
With which the world believes that thou canst jest;
Thy puns, like hares, still double as they run,
And track themselves by scenting their own fun;
Till earthed at last the jokes over which we wo rowed.
The borrowed rabbits seem but rarebits borrowed;
Yet still, remorseless, you our patience try,
And sell your ink to prove our inside.
Dear Doctor! take a fool's advice, and make
No more bad puns for shabby Harvard's sake;
And, Doctor—here a timely hint I'll drop—
Talk no more science—a—don't sink the shop;
Epaus with Atticus I hate to find—
True wit's no drop—so, pr'ythee, scour thy mind;
Leave gasglame to Beli—and pills to Buchan,
And, as Saxe wrote a satire, try if *you* can.
Do this—do something, or I'm much impressed,
Your "Last Leaf" will be thought by all your best!

We must conclude with the following on our female poets, we must conclude—we consider it outrageous; not that the critic has said what he has of them, but that he has dismissed them all so summarily in a lump. It is worse than abuse.

Speaking of grammar—I destroyed last night—
(In several vain attempts to strike a light)
Destroyed, ye gods! a work that would have burst
Like sunlight o'er the world—outshining Hirst;
Out-mouthing Lunt—out-agonizing Emerson—
Out—hold! the idea brings increasing tremors on.
It was a poem upon the softer gender—
Sublime, unique, expressive, touching, tender;
Such adjectives! such nouns! such punctuation!—
Such awful strength! and such alliteration!
A sweet Epsin May, with true allusion,
Was placed some twenty pegs above poor London,
Somehow perched from Hemans' brow the myrtle,
And Hale was Sappho—with a longer kirtle—
[illegible] was Norton and De Staël united,
And Flemington the Mistress Neal was slighted.
To some some name I gave the Muses' names,
As Pierson, Swedenhum and such like dames.
Alas! that such a poem—on bards so gentle—
Was lost by conflagration accidental;—
Outlived alone, in some bright spangled flashes,
Can raise this Yankee phœnix from its ashes.

Pursuit Reminiscences. By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a very interesting work, treating of men and things in France during and after the Revolution of '98. It abounds with anecdotes of Mirabeau, Talleyrand, Napoleon, &c. We make an interesting extract on our fourth page.

The following anecdote of Napoleon's gambling we do not remember to have seen before:

"On his first nomination to the army of Italy, the Directory is said to have been unable or unwilling to supply him with the money necessary for the journey of himself and his aid-de-camps to the spot, and their suitable appearance at the head-quarters of a considerable force. In this emergency, after collecting all that his recourses, the contributions of his friends, and his credit could muster, Bonaparte is reported to have applied to a young officer named Junot, whom he knew to be in the habit of frequenting the gaming tables, and confiding to him all the money he had been able to raise, in itself no great sum, to have directed him either to lose the whole or to increase it a considerable amount before the morning, as on his success that night at play depended the possibility of his taking the command of the army and appointing Junot his aid-de-camp. Junot, after succeeding beyond his expectations in winning an amount in his judgment equal to the exigencies of his employer, hastened to inform General Bonaparte, but he was not satisfied, and resolving to try his fortune to the utmost, bade his friend return, risk all that he had gained, and not quit the table till he lost the last penny, or doubled the sum he had brought back to him. In this also, after some fluctuation, the chances favored him, and Napoleon set out to his head quarters furnished with sufficient to take upon him the command with no little personal splendor and *eclat.*"

Vegetarian and Health Journal.

We have received the second number of "The American Vegetarian and Health Journal," a periodical published monthly in this city, at one dollar a year, in advance. Its purposes are indicated by its title. The doctrine is a very captivating one, promising a general purity of body, and immunity from disease as the reward of abstinence from animal food; and the reverse side of the picture, when drawn in vivid colors, so as to make meat eaters think they have been doing a very shocking thing, is so repulsive, that we feel regularly tempted, after reading a well-written article of this kind, to forswear the flesh-pots altogether. But unfortunately the whole truth is not so easily arrived at. We are unable from our own observation and experience, to perceive that the risks attendant upon the stimulative properties of animal food, overbalance the amount of strength, and consequently, of health, imparted by its highly nutritive qualities. There are decidedly two sides to the question, though the Vegetarians of course do not think so. But as it is a pretty theory, often beneficial, and generally harmless in its workings, we have no objection to see it flourish—especially as we think it better to err on the side of eating too little flesh, than of eating too much. We have but little doubt that the eating of so much animal food, especially pork and ham, in the Southern and Western States, is a very prolific source of disease. Christians should remember that it was not without sufficient reason that the Mosaic code forbade the use of hog meat.

The Moorland Cottage. By the author of Mary Barton. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a well-told and interesting little story, the conduct of the heroine illustrating, through many touching scenes, the influence of unvarying rectitude, and the beauty of self-denial.

We have received from T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street, No. 34 of the Boston Edition of Shakspeare, containing the tragedy of Pericles, and embellished with a picture of Thaisa; a beautiful face, worthy to stand as the embodiment of one of the poet's many lovely dreams of womanhood.

Water Cure and Phrenology.

We have received from W. B. Zieber the March Nos. of the Water-Cure Journal, and The American Phrenological Journal, filled with entertaining matter, each in its line. In the former paper is an interesting article by Mrs. M. S. Gove Nichols, one of the most enthusiastic of hydropathists, whose zeal in her profession, and faith in its superiority over all others, instead of abating seems to grow with every additional knowledge from her own personal experience and that of an extensive practice. She is a very persuasive writer, but we do not feel convinced of the safety and efficacy of hydropathic treatment in such cases as she describes, having known instances in which its trial resulted unsuccessfully, if not injuriously. The latter part of her article, however, contains some well-established truths, which will bear repetition:

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

On the abuse of clothing I have a few words to say:—Excess of cold and excess of heat are equally fatal to infants. If you half clothe your babe, born in or near winter, leaving its breast and arms bare, you may make a strong child stronger, but you almost inevitably destroy a weak child. The young of all animals generate but little heat till after the period of nursing is past. They need the mother's warmth; and to put a young infant, in winter, alone in a crib to sleep at night, is little short of child-murder.—But warm rooms, heated above 70 degrees F., and flannel next the tender skin of a babe, are hurtful. We should sleep with our infants in winter, that they may be warmed with our warmth, and thus partake our life; but we should not sleep in heated rooms—our rooms should be without fire, and the external air admitted, and our beds well covered with blankets, *not* cotton comfortables, which confine foul air and exhalations, and are nearly or quite as unhealthy as feather beds; our beds should be made of hair, moss, husks, palm-leaf, straw, or some such material.

I have sometimes almost thought that infants were universally conspired against. Mothers make themselves ill by improper eating, drinking, and dressing, and many more bad habits, and of course their nursing infants must be ill too. Then they have a fancy to see the little rounded shoulders and arms all bare, at all seasons of the year. They think their babies look very beautiful thus, and so they do, but many beautiful fancies lead to death. Our grown daughters, exposed in this way, court consumption, and find an early tomb; and yet people expose their infants, before they have acquired an independent life, to a risk their grown children cannot take with impunity.

If mothers could be persuaded to care for their own health, and could bear their children in strength, without the dreadful suffering which a diseased nervous system insures, and then would but allow their babies pure air for the lungs, pure water for bathing and for drink, good healthy food for the nourishment of the body, at regular and right intervals, light for the eyes, and loose, porous clothing for warmth in winter and decency in summer, with needful exercise and purity in all their surroundings, they would save their children in the maladies of childhood, and give them health and power of usefulness in maturer life; and, oh! how many pangs would mothers be spared. What a "path of fire to brain and heart," is the mother's often. She watches and prays, and agonizes for the frail life of her child, and yet half destroys it by her want of wisdom, and employs deadly drugs to finish the work she has all unconsciously begun. Alas! for mothers! I pray God to pity them and to make my prayerful pity useful, and to bless all efforts for their enlightening. May the Heaven of angels cease to be peopled with infants, who die for the ignorance of those who would gladly give their own lives, or all the joy of them, a ransom for their babies.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Yearly Book of Facts in Science and Art. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, together with a list of recent Scientific Publications; a Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men; an Index of Important Papers in Scientific Journals, Reports, &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. of the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, and George Bliss, Jr. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Daniels & Smith, Philadelphia.

The publishers have hit upon a bright idea, and one that must certainly be stamped with success; for they have produced a book that will find eager readers wherever the love of knowledge exists. All who wish to keep pace with the wonderful discoveries of our busy age will be glad to avail themselves of the ample yet condensed information contained in these pages. A well-engraved portrait of Professor Silliman accompanies this volume.

Clippings.

☞ The Secretary of State of Michigan denies that that State has returned, or has any idea of returning, to the practice of capital punishment. He says that, in the whole range of his acquaintance, he does not know one individual in favor of a return to that practice; he is certain he has heard no one express himself in favor of such a change.

☞ Mr. Goodrich—well known as Peter Parley—has received the appointment of Consul at Paris, in place of Mr. Robert Walsh, who resigned the post.

☞ Rose bugs have been so common in some of the Eastern States, that on the sea-shore they have floated in winrows on the sand, having been driven into the sea by winds, and drowned. They have only made their appearance in this region, in any considerable quantities, within three or four years.

☞ The cedar or cherry bird, was first noticed West of the Genesee River, in 1828; and now, it is so great a pest as to induce many to give up the cultivation of cherries, especially if near the wood.

☞ In the Isle of Wight, such is the uncommon mildness of the season, that the trees are bursting buds and blossoms, the banks are covered with primroses, the turnips are running up to seed, and the birds are full of song; the daisies deck the lawns, and the fields look as gay as May.

☞ He who waits for good luck to come to him is destined to die in poverty. No one has the right to expect a good fortune unless he goes to work and deserves it.

☞ The Hessian fly was introduced into this country, it is supposed, by the foreign mercenaries in 1777, on Long Island, from their baggage, or in the forage for their horses. It has proved the greatest pest on this continent, with, perhaps, the exception of the weevil.

☞ Bruin Barred.—Two young men at Brandon, Vt., discovered a bear frozen into his den, the water having run down and formed bars in front of him. They fired eight balls into him before killing him.

☞ A colored man named Harris, has been convicted in Washington, of having abducted last summer the slaves of Messrs. Stephens and Toombs, of Georgia.

☞ On dit, that a Scottish churchman lately remarked, relative to the Papal agitation, "Weel, sir, the Beast has got an awfu' thrashing the day," to which a dissenter replied,—"Deed, I think it's only as beast thrashin' anither."

☞ Philosophical happiness is to want little, and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much, and enjoy very little.

☞ Sugar is the substance diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of Nature.

☞ Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star? Because a comet has a tail and the dog-star hasn't.

Napoleon's Coat of Mail.—Just before Napoleon set out for Belgium, he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan honored with a second audience of the Emperor. "Now," said his Imperial Majesty, "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same." And he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one of them at the breast of the astonished artist. There was no retreating, however, and, half-dead with fear, he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterwards discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him, with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?"—Eighteen thousand francs were named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor, "and here is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given you."

Jenny Lind and Wisconsin.—The Jenny Lind fever has reached a fearful crisis in Wisconsin. The citizens of Sheboygan say they will have a concert from Jenny, if they have to mortgage the town! By-the-bye, the Woverines give a queer origin of the word Sheboygan. An Indian chief who once occupied the present site of that place, had several daughters, but no son; and his anxiety for such an event increased as chances grew less. At last, circumstances again justified a renewal of his hopes, and with it sprung up a general curiosity among the settlers, to know the result. The settlement was on tiptoe—and a deputation was dispatched to the wigwam of the old Sagamore, to inquire and report. He met them at the door, with a scowl that made their scalps start—and to the inquiry, "What is the papoose?" the old warrior contemptuously growled, "she-boy again!" and thus came that now flourishing town by the *nomme de guerre* of Sheboygan.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, March 8, 1851.

REMARKS—Business is gradually becoming more active. A number of Southern and Western merchants have been in the market purchasing their Spring supplies, and the Job houses have been busily engaged. The Cotton market early in the week was unsettled, but since there has been a better feeling, and prices are firmer. Provisions are in active demand, and Pork has advanced—large sales of Bacon, and Green Meat, to arrive, have been made at full prices. There is no new feature to notice in the Wool market. The Money market continues abundantly supplied with capital, and the Banks are discounting freely. Exchange on England is firm at 109½a110.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour, both for shipment and city consumption, during the past week has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained; sales of 3,000 bbls standard and good brands for export at $4,50, including some lined and delivered, and some extra at $4,75 per bbl. Rye Flour—Small sales at $3,44a3,50. Corn Meal—The demand has been limited; sales of 1,200 bbls at a trifle less than $2,87½ per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 6th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	10,677
do.	half bbls	30
Rye Flour,	bbls	509
Corn Meal,	bbls	1,818
do.	half bbls	100
do.	hhds	93

GRAIN—Wheat is not inquired after; small sales of red at 96ca98c per bushel, and 800 bushels poor white on private terms. Rye continues scarce; with small sales of Pennsylvania at 65c per bushel. Corn has been in moderate request, and prices are steady; sales of 32,000 bushels yellow, afloat, at 58a59½, and in store at 58c. Oats are dull—small sales of Pennsylvania at 42a43c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork has advanced; sales of 700 bbls old and new Mess at $13,50a14,50 per bbl. Beef is dull. Bacon is in good demand, and prices fully maintained. Sales of 500 casks, including Smoked Hams, at 9a11c, and Pickled at 9c; Smoked Sides 8½; Shoulders 7¼a7½c, and in salt 6½c per lb. Small sales of new Western Lard at 9¼a9½c in bbls, and old at 9c per lb. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing among the Job houses, but there is no material change to notice in prices.

BARK—There is but little inquiry, but holders are firm; small sales of No. 1 at $34 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is scarce; a small lot of good Yellow sold at 26c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Are in limited request; small sales of Sperm at 42a43, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—The market continues dull and inactive; the supplies by railroad have been small, but they are fully sufficient to supply both the shipping and city demand; cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,75, and Red Ash at $4a4,12½ per ton. Some contracts for Lehigh Coal have been made, deliverable on the opening of the Canal. No Bituminous Coal arriving.

COFFEE—There is no stock in first hands to operate in; small sales of Rio and Laguayra at 11a11½ cts per lb, on time.

COPPER—The demand for both Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal continues limited at our former quotations.

COTTON—The market was unsettled early in the week, but since there has been a better feeling, and prices are firmer; sales of 850 bales Upland New Orleans at 11a12½c per lb on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market has been quiet; sales of 50 casks Soda Ash at 2¼a3c; Sal Soda in lots at 3c, Refined Borax at 20a20½c per lb, now held higher; and some E. I. Castor Oil at $1,15a1,25 per gallon.

FEATHERS—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 36c per lb cash.

FISH—There has been an increased demand for Mackerel, and prices are firm; sales in lots from store at $10,50a10,75 for No. 1, $9,50a9,62½ for No. 2, and $6,50a6,75 per bbl for No. 3. Codfish sell in lots at 3a3½c per lb.

FRUIT—The market has been quiet; small sales of Bunch Raisins at $1,80a2 per box, and an import of 5a6,000 pkgs on private terms. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull; small sales of the former at $1,25, and the latter at $2 per bushel.

GINSENG—Is scarce. A small sale of good Crude at 34c per lb.

GUANO—Is rather more inquired after, but prices are unchanged.

HEMP—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—The stock in first hands is small, and prices are firm. No sales.

HOPS—Continue in limited request. Small sales of Eastern and Western at 35a37c per lb.

INDIGO—The demand is limited, but prices are fully maintained. Small sales of Caraccas at $1,05a1,10, 6 months, and 30 cases Kurpah at a price kept secret.

IRON—The market has been quiet. Sales of 1a300 tons Anthracite No. 1 and 2 at $22a23, including Charcoal Forge at $22 per ton, 6 mos. A small sale of Scotch Pig at $23. In Manufactured Iron there is no change worthy of notice.

LEAD—Prices are firm. Sales of 30 tons Spanish, received coastwise, at $4,91 per 100 lbs, on time, interest added.

LEATHER—There is no change to notice in prices. The stock of both Slaughter and Spanish Sole Leather is much reduced.

LUMBER—There is an increased demand for all descriptions, and prices are steady. Sales of cargoes of Yellow Pine Boards at $14a15 per M feet.

MOLASSES—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 600 hhds at 20c for Cardenas, and 24a25c for Cienfuegos; 150 bbls New Orleans at 31c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Small sales of common Rosin at $1,40; Tar $2, and Pitch at $1,87½ per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine has advanced. Sales of 250 bbls in lots at 41a42c per gallon.

OILS—Fish Oils are in moderate request at former quotations. Linseed Oil is unsettled; sales in retail lots at 75a80c. Lard Oil is held firmly. Sales of Winter at 75a80c per gallon.

PLASTER—No arrivals or sales this week.

RICE—The demand continues limited. Sales in lots at 3¼a3½c per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—Two imports 3,000 sacks Ashton's Fine sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed; 5a700 bushels sold at $3,12½a3,25, and a superior lot at $3,37½ per 64 lbs. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—Prices are steady. Sales of 700 bags Pimento on private terms.

SPIRITS—Two cargoes of Brandy are landing, from which small sales have been made at $1,15a1,20 for Bordeaux; $1,30a1,40 for Rochelle, and $1a1,10 for old Cognac. N. E. Rum is steady at 30 cents. Whiskey is dull; sales of bbls at 23a24, and hhds at 21a22c.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, and prices are steady. Sales of 250 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico and New Orleans at 5½a6½c; some Refined at 7¼ and some Cuba brown and yellow at 6a7c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Sales of Country and City Rendered at 6¾a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is an increased demand for all descriptions, and prices are firm.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm, but the sales are only in small lots to city dealers.

WINES—No sales have been reported.

WOOL—There is a moderate demand and with a reduced stock, prices are firm. Sales of 95,000 lbs in lots within the range of 30a50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—We quote to Liverpool: Flour 2s 6d per barrel; Grain 5a6d per bushel, and Heavy Goods 20a25s per ton. Colliers are in limited demand at $1,12½ per ton to New York, and $1,50 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	107	—
" '62	111	—
" '67	115¾	115¾
" '68	115¾	116
" 5s '53	101½	102
" 5s '51	98	—
Jan Int off		
U S Tr N 6s	—	—
" 1 mill	—	—
Philada 6s	104	104½
" 5s	92	93
" " Gas	—	—
County 5s	95½	96
Penna 6s	102	102½
" 5s	94	94½
Kentucky 6s	105	—
Tennessee 6s	83	83½
Illinois 6s	61	64
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½
TexasT Notes	35	40
" bds 8s	58	60
Schuyl N 6s	51	51½
" Int	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	83	84
" Int loan	82	—
" Mort 6s	92½	93
C & D Cl 6s	97	97½
C & Am R bds	97	98
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	63	64
Norristown R 6s	95	—
Harris R 6s	92½	93
Wil R 6s	93½	94
Read R 6s	79½	80
" Mort 6s	82	83½
U S Bk Notes	90	—
U S Bk Shares	1½	2
N Amer Bk	139½	140
Penna Bk	119	119½
Philadelphia	139	140
Far & Mec	70½	71
Commercial	61½	62
N Liberty	52	—
Mechanics	30	30½

	Bid.	Asked.
Southwark	75	—
Kensington	63	—
P Township	30	—
Girard	13½	13½
Western	65	68
Man & Mechs	28	29½
Bk of Com	50	—
Camden N J	53	—
Germantown	54	55
Tren Bk Co	35	—
Pitts'bg Bk	52	—
M & M Pitts	52	—
Exhange, Pitts	51	
Com, Cin	15	—
Louis, Ky	103	—
Kentucky Bk	109½	109½
Northern	110½	111
Union, Tenn	70	70½
Planters Tenn	69½	—
Vicksburg	18	18½
Com, Natchez	—	—
N O Gas Bk	112	115
Schuyl Nav	17	17½
Lehigh Nav	36½	37
C & Del Cl	104½	105
Morris Cl	20½	20½
Penn&Ohio Cl	33	36
Union Cl	44½	44½
Cam & Am R	130	—
Penna R	43½	44
Bea Mdw R	18	20
Lykens Val R	15	—
North Am Cl	16	16½
Susqueh Cl	16	16½
Norristown R	36	36½
Harrisburg R	46½	47
Wilmington R	29	31
Reading R	30½	31
Minehill R	65	—
N Liberty Gas	22	25
Flem Copper	1	—
N J Copper	1	—
N W Min Co	25	—

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, March 10—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beeves are selling from $7,00 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 400 head in market, and sold from $6 to 6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 sold from $16 to 40. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

☞ A late Cork paper says that "the terrible death that Mr. Mulloney met with on the railroad terminated fatally."

☞ An enlightened agriculturalist out West, thinks the best way to make farmers grow Madder *is to poke 'em with sharp sticks!*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Belle of the Springs, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

The Texan Hunters, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 3rd, Mr. Clay moved to take up the River and Harbor Bill. It was well known that a majority of the Senate was in favor of the Bill, and he would appeal to the sense of justice of the minority to say whether they will defeat the clear will of the majority, by resorting to means within their power. Such a course would be directly contrary to the genius of our Constitution, but if they had determined to do so, and would declare their intention of so doing, he would himself vote to lay it on the table.

After discussion, the Bill was taken up, yeas 30, nays 24.

Then ensued a long struggle upon the Bill, the minority being determined that the Bill should not pass, and delaying it by speeches, amendments, &c., and the majority equally determined that it should.

Mr. Cass was opposed to borrowing money, but considered the proper internal improvements just as necessary and as much required as for steam lines, navy-yards and others every day appropriated for. He then offered the following amendment: "And it is hereby expressly provided that the appropriations in this Bill contained, and all other appropriations made by this Congress, shall take effect upon, and authorize the expenditure of only such surplus or excess as shall remain in the Treasury of the United States, after deducting from the revenues the appropriations which have been, or shall be made by Congress, from the public revenues."

Mr. Cass withdrew his amendment temporarily, and it was afterward offered by Mr. Bradbury.

Mr. Ewing said the amendment of the Senator from Michigan was the most ingeniously devised plan to defeat the Bill. He desired the country to understand that a Senator professing to be a friend of the Bill had presented this amendment, and hold him to the responsibility.

Mr. Cass said he was willing to bear all his proper share of the responsibility, but he did not offer the amendment.

Mr. Ewing said the amendment was prepared by the Senator from Michigan, and there is no doubt of its paternity. There was not so much noise and confusion, but what the author would be held responsible. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cass—There is not so much noise and confusion here, but what a Senator can demand facts to be stated correctly.

Mr. Ewing said he had stated them correctly.

The Chair—Order—order.

Mr. Cass—You did not.

The Chair—Order—order.

Mr. Ewing—I did, sir.

The Chair—The Senator from Ohio will take his seat.

Mr. Cass had no desire to avoid the responsibility of voting for this amendment, but he did not offer the amendment. He would have offered it, but it passed from his hands.

Mr. Ewing followed in opposition to the amendment. It would defeat this Bill, or any other Bill to which it might be attached.

The question was taken on the Cass and Bradbury amendment, and it was rejected, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Berrien, Bradbury, Bright, Butler, Cass, Clemens, Jefferson Davis, Dawson, Dickinson, Douglass, Downs, Felch, Foote, Gwinn, Hamlin, Houston, Hunter, King, Mason, Morton, Norris, Rusk, Soule, Sturgeon, Turney, Whitcomb, Yulee—28.

Nays—Messrs. Badger, Baldwin, Bell, Borland, Chase, Clarke, Clay, Cooper, John Davis, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Dodge, of Iowa, Ewing, Greene, Hale, Jones, Mangum, Miller, Pearce, Pratt, Rusk, Seward, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Underwood, Upham, Wales, Walker—29.

Another excited debate ensued. At 5 o'clock Mr. Hunter said that but seven hours of the session remained, and with a view of making one more effort to save the Appropriation Bills, he moved that this Bill be laid on the table. Lost—yeas 18, nays 29.

Mr. Soule made an amendment and demanded the reading of a long report on the Mississippi River, as a part of his speech.

Another exciting debate ensued. Mr. Jefferson Davis said that if the Appropriation Bills be lost—if the wheels of Government are to be stopped, the navy called home, and the army disbanded, he would stand firm, and yield not an inch of his constitutional rights.

Messrs. Clay, Butler, Phelps and Soule continued the debate.

After another debate, Mr. Hunter, by unanimous consent, reported from the Conference Committee on the Post Office Appropriation Bill, and the report was concurred in.

Mr. Rusk obtained the unanimous consent of the Senate to take up the Postage Bill, and the House amendments were concurred in.

Mr. Dickinson urged both sides to give over the struggle—to lay aside the Bill—to take up the Appropriation Bills, pass them, and then resume this Bill. It was obvious this Bill could not be passed, and he could see no cause for defeating the Appropriation Bills because this could not be passed. It would be a reproach to this Congress, to end in this way, after boasting of having settled all agitations and disturbing questions.

Mr. Underwood denied that the Senator from New York had prescience enough to say this Bill could not be passed.

The responsibility rested on those who will not let the Bill come to a vote.

Mr. Foote would not allow the Senator's speech to go without a reply. The opponents of the Bill occupied a moral which all honest men would approve, and condemn that of their adversaries.

Mr. Underwood—I deny it.

Mr. Foote.—The Senator denies it—well, his denial is worth about as much as his prophecy—that the Bill will pass. This was confessedly objectionable and improper, yet the majority force it upon them, regardless of all constitutional and conscientious objections. He continued for fifteen minutes to address the Senate in defence of the minority.

Mr. Houston followed, condemning the Bill as a bit of abomination, and justified the opposition in resisting it.

Mr. Seward defended the Big Sodus and the Little Sodus, and concluded by saying that the minority should yield.

It was now a quarter of midnight.

Passage of the Various Appropriation Bills.—Mr. Dawson addressed the Senate for some time, giving way to a message from the House announcing the passage of Bills, &c., &c., and amongst other things, that the House had adopted a resolution informing the Senate that it had concluded all public business, and was ready to adjourn.

It was now 12 o'clock, and Mr. Davis raised the question of privilege that the session close at 12 o'clock. The question was always one of doubt, and he remembered that the Senator from Michigan, years ago, had expressed his opinion that the session terminates at 12 o'clock on the 3rd of March, and in pursuance of that opinion had refused to vote. His term has expired if the session terminate to-night, and to test the question, he moved the Senate do now adjourn.

He changed his motion so as to make it one to take up the resolution from the House about adjourning, and concur in it.

Mr. Cass said his opinion had always been that the session terminated at 12 o'clock, on the night of the 3rd of March. He had always so acted, and he would do no business after that hour.

Mr. Badger objected to taking up the resolution, and to any debate on it. The River and Harbor Bill was before the Senate.

The Chair said the motion could not be entertained without disposing of the Bill. (Great excitement and confusion.)

The Chair read to the Senate a communication he had received from the President, requesting him to attend to-morrow in the Senate Chamber to consider Executive business. The President also requested that the Senators would each receive a similar notice.

Mr. Hale moved that the Senate adjourn sine die.

Mr. Ewing maintained that the session does not terminate till to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

The yeas and nays were called on Mr. Hale's motion, when Mr. Bright's name was called; Mr. Davis objected to his right to vote.

Mr. Atchison denied Mr. Davis's right to question Mr. Bright's vote.

Mr. Davis denied Mr. Atchison's right to object.

Mr. Bright was allowed to vote.

When Mr. Cass was called, he said he did not consider this session any longer in existence.

When Mr. Mason was called, he said he had received a notice from the President to meet to-day, at a new session. He considered himself no longer a member of this Congress, and could not vote.

The result on Mr. Hale's motion was announced yeas 8, nays 36.

Mr. Dawson resumed his speech, and moved that the Bill be laid on the table.

Mr. Yulee offered a resolution declaring that the session did not terminate till the 4th of March at 12 o'clock, noon, which was agreed to.

It was now half past two in the morning.

After another long and excited debate, Mr. Bell moved that the Bill be postponed till 8 o'clock, and the motion prevailed—yeas 29, nays 15.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill was then taken up.

At half past 5 o'clock, Mr. Chase offered to add to the Bill the original House River and Harbor Bill. Debated and rejected, only three votes in the affirmative.

The Army Bill was reported with amendments, which were concurred in.

Mr. Jefferson Davis moved to add an appropriation for the purchase and importation of a number of Arabian camels for purposes of army transportation. The amendment, after a long debate, was rejected.

The Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Navy Bill was referred to Committee.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill was passed.

Mr. Bradbury, from the Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred the President's Message relating to the resistance of the law in Boston, reported the same back, with a written report, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Mr. Hale—Oh, no—it is entirely too late in the session for jokes.

The Post Route Bill was reported with amendments, and by general consent, was passed.

An amendment to the Navy Bill, allowing increased compensation to the Collins line of steamers between New York and Liverpool, was offered, debated, and ruled out of order.

The amendment appropriating $80,000 for the removal of the wreck of the Steamer Missouri from the harbor of Gibraltar, was adopted.

At twenty minutes past ten, Mr. Hunter, reported from the Conference Committee, on the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, and the report was concurred in.

Mr. Hunter asked unanimous consent to suspend the 16th and 17th joint rules, to enable the Army, Navy and Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bills to be sent to the President. Agreed to.

Mr. Bell moved to take up the joint resolution, making land warrants assignable. After being voted down once or twice, this resolution was finally passed, ayes 37, nays 10.

Half-Past Eleven.—Mr. Foote moved to postpone all other business, to take up the joint resolution for the relief of Thomas Ritchie.

Mr. Clay—I second the motion. Agreed to, yeas 28, nays 22.

Mr. Pearce killed the resolution by taking up time with a speech against it.

The resolution allowing extra allowance to employees of the Senate was taken up. Mr. Whitcomb killed this in the same way.

Mr. Underwood, from the Committee to wait on the President, reported that he (President Fillmore) informed them that he had nothing further to communicate to them of a legislative character.

Mr. Berrien offered a resolution of thanks to Mr. King, the presiding officer. Unanimously adopted.

The Chair then responded, but in such a low tone that we could not hear a word. He then pronounced the Senate adjourned, sine die.

After an interval of twenty minutes, the Senate was called to order. Messrs. Bright, Bayard, Cass, Jefferson Davis, Hamlin, Mason, Pratt, Rusk, and Dodge, of Wisconsin, Senators elect, appeared, and were qualified.

Resolutions appointing Committees, and to inform the President, were presented, adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 5th, a number of resolutions were offered, and laid over, and the Senate went into Executive Session.

On the 6th, the Senate were also in Executive Session.

On the 8th, Mr. Foot, of Vermont, appeared in the Senate, and was sworn in.

Mr. Morton presented a communication from Mr. Yulee, claiming to have been elected by the Legislature of Florida on the first ballot—he having received twenty-nine votes, all the others being blank. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The question whether the California Senator is entitled to charge mileage by the Panama route, or by the South Pass, was laid before the Senate by the Chair, and was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Foote's (of Miss.) resolution, calling upon the State Department to furnish the correspondence with Turkey, in regard to Kossuth, was taken up, and adopted.

Mr. John Davis offered a resolution requesting the President to state whether arrangements are or are likely to be made with Great Britain, or the British provinces, for securing the free navigation of the St. Lawrence, &c., adopted.

Mr. Hale offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report at the next session a complete and full statement of the trade and commerce of the British North American colonies, and other parts of the world, for the years 1850 and 1851. The Senate then went into executive session, and adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 3rd, the House carried on its proceedings with unusual quietness for the close of the session. All the hubbub and fiery discussion was in the Senate.

The Committee on Printing reported in favor of printing 100,000 copies of the agricultural portion of the Patent Office Report, 35,000 of the mechanical portion, and 5,000 for the use of the Commissioners. Agreed to.

The Bill making appropriations for light-houses was taken up, debated, amended and passed.

Mr. Clingman offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War to report to the next Congress the general condition of the fortifications, what can be dispensed with, their costs, &c.

The Senate Bills, preventing Senators receiving constructive mileage, and limiting the liabilities of ship-owners, were passed.

The Senate Bill, to ascertain and settle private land claims in California was taken up and passed.

Mr. McClernand moved to take up the Senate resolution, requesting the President to authorize one of our vessels in the Mediterranean to bring Kossuth and his companions to this country.

At this point Mr. Bodisco entered the Hall, and the resolution was passed by a large majority.

The House refused to suspend the rule, and take up the Indigent Insane Land Bill, and the Bill creating the rank of Lieutenant-General.

A recess until six o'clock was then taken.

Evening Session.—The House re-assembled at six o'clock. The Hall was brilliantly illuminated, and the galleries were crowded.

The Senate amendment to the House resolution, extending the benefit of the act of 1841–43 and '44, to widows of Revolutionary soldiers, was concurred in.

Mr. Featherston moved that the Committee of the Whole in the House be discharged from the consideration of the Bill providing for a pension to the widow of Gen. Worth.

The motion was disagreed to, not two thirds voting in its favor.

The Senate Bill changing the term of the Circuit Court for the Eastern and Western Districts of Pennsylvania.

The attention of the House was arrested at this point of the proceedings, by much confusion and shuffling among a crowd outside. "Fight!" was the cry, and the members and lobby loungers ran in that direction. All was excitement—the Speaker rapping with his hammer, calling loudly on the gentlemen to take their seats, and for the sergeant-at-arms. It appeared that Messrs. Stanley and Clingman had exchanged sharp words, and were coming to brisk blows, but were prevented from getting hurt. The tempest lasted only a few moments.

The Senate Bill, changing the time for holding the Circuit and District Courts of Ohio, and the Bill creating a new Judicial District in Arkansas, were disposed of.

As one subject after another was disposed of, not less than fifty members would jump to their feet, shouting "Mr. Speaker," to secure the recognition of that officer; the voices were like volleys of militia musketry. Numerous ineffectual efforts were made from time to time to take up measures indicated.

The Senate Bill, to pay Maine the interest on the money advanced by that State, for the use of the General Government, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Burt appealed to the House to take up the Senate Bill to establish an asylum for infirm and disabled soldiers, who have served for twenty years, or who are disabled by wounds or disease. The money for its support to be derived from fines and stoppage of pay of soldiers furnished by courts martial, and one hundred thousand dollars levied by Gen. Scott in Mexico.—The Bill was passed.

On motion of Mr. Bayly, the House took up the Senate Bill, amending the acts regulating the appraisement of imported merchandise, and appointing four appraisers at large, and it was passed.

Mr. Bowl moved that the French Spoliation Bill from the Senate be taken up.

A suspension of the rules was refused—yeas 104, nays 75—not two-thirds.

The Senate Bill, to pay to the American Colonization Society the sum not exceeding $40,000 for expenses incurred in supporting the Africans we captured from the Pons, was taken up.

On motion of Mr. Nelson, under suspension of the rules—yeas 121, nays 47, the Bill was passed.

Messages were frequently received from the Senate, and several from the President, stating that he had signed certain Bills.

The temper of the House was good. The lobbies and galleries crowded. Plenty of liquids and solids in the ante-rooms.

Mr. Vinton offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, giving the thanks of the House to Mr. Howell Cobb, for the able, impartial and dignified manner in which he has discharged the duties of Speaker of the House during the present Congress.

A resolution, giving extra compensation to all employed in the House, and several private Bills were passed.

Mr. Otis rose to a personal explanation, in the course of which he said, in July last, before the President had formed his Cabinet, on my return from Maine, and having heard it reported that Mr. Webster was to be Secretary of State, I called at the Custom House in Boston, and inquired of Mr. Greely about it. He said it was reported that there were letters in the city from Mr. Webster, in which he said that the President had offered him the situation of Secretary of State. In a few minutes, a stranger to me came into the room, and called Greely to one side, and gave him a letter to read. Mr. Greely returned to his seat, and said that the gentleman was Mr. Haven, and the letter was from Mr. Webster in which he stated that the President had offered him the situation of Secretary of State, and he only hesitated to accept it from the pecuniary sacrifice he must make. He added that Mr. Haven told him that he should write that day to Mr. Webster, urging him to accept the place, and whatever sacrifice he made should be made up to him by his friends.

The morning of my return here, which was within forty-eight hours after that conversation took place, I revived it in this Hall, in the hearing of more than a dozen members. I have been inquired of recently, and have repeated it as near as words would convey, the exact meaning of the conversation. If any injustice is done, both the letter of Mr. Webster, and the reply of Mr. Haven are undoubtedly in existence, and their publication will show the matter correctly. Had Mr. Greely candidly stated, in his note, the matter as it was, instead of equivocating upon the expression of such letter, and such statement, he would have saved himself any further trouble, and saved me the necessity of this explanation.

At half-past eleven, P. M., Mr. Boyd moved that the House take a recess for eight hours.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., moved that the House adjourn sine die at twelve o'clock.

Motion not entertained. At twenty minutes to twelve, on motion of Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, the Senate were informed that the House was ready to adjourn.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., said it was now twelve o'clock, and moved an adjournment.

The Speaker in reply to a question said, if the House should now adjourn, it would be sine die.

The roll was called and the House refused to adjourn—yeas 31, nays 157.

Mr. Boyd moved at half-past twelve o'clock, that the House take a recess for seven hours.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas—If we take a recess, the members will not come back.

The roll was called, and Mr. Boyd's motion was disagreed to. Yeas 43, nays 113.

Galleries thinning out. Members lying on the sofas, asleep.

The joint resolution providing for the census statistics among the members of Congress was passed.

Mr. Sweetzer said this Congress had expired, and he was not willing to act.

Mr. Schenck—If you are not a member, you have no right to speak.

Cries of "Order!"

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, asked that the House take up the Bill for Railroads in Arkansas. Nine men had been sitting on it for nine weeks. (Laughter.)

The rules were not suspended.

Several executive communications were laid before the House, and messages occasionally from the President, stating that he had signed certain Bills.

At half past one Mr. Morse moved that the House adjourn. He said that it was high time, for the Senate had just refused, by a majority of ten, to lay the River and Harbor Bill on the table.

The question was negatived, fifteen only voting in the affirmative.

Mr. Gentry said the Government commenced under the first President at twelve o'clock, noon, on the 4th of March, and there has been no intermission from that time to this, and there cannot be an intermission except in revolutionary times. It was their duty to stay here till twelve o'clock on Tuesday. (Agreed, agreed.)

The time of the House was occupied this morning from four o'clock, with trivial motions to waste time, interspersed with occasional remarks peculiar to the temper of the members.

At 7 o'clock, Mr. Seddon raised the question that the powers of the House had expired.

The Speaker expressed his opinion that the House can transact business until 12 o'clock.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, and the Army Bill were returned to the House from the Senate. The House non-concurred in the Senate's amendments, and a Committee of Conference was asked.

The House at 7½ o'clock, took recess until nine.

The House, by yeas 88, nay 50, not two-thirds, refused to consider the Senate's resolution, creating the grade of Lieutenant-General.

The reports of Conference Committees on disagreeing to the amendments of the Houses to the Civil and Diplomatic Bill, the Navy and Army Bills were concurred in.

On motion of Mr. Duer, the Bill giving the assent of Congress that the Legislature of New York may pass an Act imposing a tonnage duty of five cents per ton, for three years, on vessels coming to Oswego, the proceeds to be applied to the repair of piers and improvements of the harbor, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Thompson, of Miss., moved that a Committee be appointed to wait on the President, and say to him, that if he has no further communication to make, that Congress is ready to adjourn sine die.

During the calling of the roll, the members were standing all over the House. A question was raised that it was after 12 o'clock.

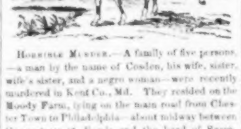
The Speaker said the House must allow a few moments to allow for variation of time.

Mr. Thompson, of Miss., reported that the President had nothing further to communicate.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, the House adjourned.

The Speaker made a short speech, and pronounced the House adjourned sine die.

General News.



Horrible Murder.—A family of five persons,—a man by the name of Cosden, his wife, sister, wife's sister, and a negro woman—were recently murdered in Kent Co., Md. They resided on the Moody Farm, lying on the main road from Chester Town to Philadelphia—about midway between Georgetown ✕ Roads and the head of Sassafras, and the dwelling is about a quarter of a mile from the main road. The murders were committed about half past six on Thursday evening.

Mr. Cosden, who was a most worthy, industrious, and highly respectable young farmer, had just risen from the supper table, and was about taking a seat by the fire, when he discovered a man standing outside of the window with a gun levelled at him, which he fired instantly, the ball taking effect, and he fell. The man who fired the gun then came to the door, and, finding it fastened, knocked a panel out with the muzzle of his gun, and putting his hand in, removed the fastening, leading to the inference that he knew exactly how it was fastened. On opening the door, Mrs. Cosden and Miss Cosden ran to the opposite corner of the room, when he levelled his gun again and fired, the ball taking effect on Miss Cosden, whom he also rushed on and stabbed with a knife in both breasts.

Mrs. Cosden then fled into the yard, and the small white boy ran behind the door and succeeded in effecting his escape, the smoke of the gun concealing him. The boy says he saw a tall man standing in the yard as he ran off. Mrs. Cosden was found dead in the yard, having been shot and stabbed. The rings were taken off of her fingers, and the ear rings torn out of her ears.

They then, observing that Mr. Cosden was still alive, shot him again and stabbed him, whilst one of them trampled and jumped on his body. He, however, lived three hours after the tragedy was discovered, and stated that the man who shot him was unknown to him, but that he was a thick set man, with black whiskers. He also heard two other men talking outside at the time the one inside was effecting his murderous object on Miss Cosden, but did not see them.

Miss Rebecca C. Webster, who was lying sick upstairs, on hearing the alarm and reports of the gun, had fastened the door of her room, and one of the men came up and broke the door open.—She states that she implored him for her life, and told him that all the money she had was in her trunk. He then examined the trunk, and being unable to find the money, as it was tied up, he returned to her bed and shot her in the breast, and several slugs were found in the bed, which was also set on fire, either by the wadding, or intentionally by the assassin. She survived until Saturday evening, about 7 o'clock, when she died.

The black woman belonged to the Deputy Sheriff, Edwin Crouch, who resided on the adjoining farm, about a mile distant, but was hired to Mr. Cosden. She was engaged at the time at the ironing table in the kitchen, and on turning around, observed the kitchen door slightly opened, when two guns, or a double-barrelled gun, was fired at her—both shots taking effect—one in her side, and the other passing through and shattering her wrist. She immediately succeeded in making her escape out of another door and ran to the residence of her master, on the adjoining farm, and loudly called for him. On reaching the house, she fell from exhaustion, and at the last accounts was still alive, though but little hopes were entertained of her recovery.—She states that she did not see the persons who fired any of the guns.

An uncle of Mrs. Cosden was arrested—he having been heard by a boy to make some threats against Cosden and his family on account of a difficulty about some land—but he proved an alibi by most respectable witnesses. A travelling clock mender, a mill hand, and another person have also been arrested. Such a terrible outrage has naturally caused great excitement, and it seems impossible that the guilty parties should escape detection. The Governor has offered a reward of $1,000, which will probably be increased by the citizens of Kent to $5,000.

Since writing the above, we have seen a statement that the negro woman was still alive.

Indian Block for the Monument.—There is understood to be a movement on foot among the different border Tribes of Western Indians, to unite and contribute a memorial to the Government in the shape of a block of stone for the Washington Monument.

The material is to be procured from the celebrated "Starved Rock," in Illinois; the Indians having no land they call their own to obtain it from—and the inscription it is to bear when finished, has been decided upon. It is simple but expressive, as conveyed in the following characteristic terms:

THIS STEP

THE RED MAN GIVES TO THE PALE FACE

to build him a path to a better

HUNTING GROUND.

The "Board of Foreign Missions," it is expected, will volunteer the expense of its transportation to Washington.

The Charge Against Secretary Webster.—The Boston Journal says that it is authorized to deny, on the most unquestionable authority, the charge against Mr. Greely, the Collector of Boston, and Mr. Havens, the Sub-Treasurer, in reference to the Hon. Daniel Webster writing a letter to Mr. H. calling for pecuniary assistance, to enable him to accept the office of Secretary of State, and which letter, it was alleged, he showed to Mr. Greely. Mr. H., in the most explicit manner, denies that he ever received any such letter, and Mr. Greely, quite as explicitly, denies that he ever knew of it. The charge was made by Mr. Otis, member of Congress, in a speech—see Congressional proceedings in this paper.

CALIFORNIA.

The North America, Georgia and Empire City have arrived at New York, from Chagres, bringing 700 passengers, and $1,700,000 in gold. In relation to the Gold Bluffs, the Golden Beach—we have the following, the substance of a report made by a special agent of the Alta Californian appointed to obtain information:

The Bluffs are about 30 miles North of Trinidad, and to reach them is a matter of no slight fatigue. High hills and deep gulches are quite a relief after travelling twenty miles ankle deep in beach sand.

The Gold Bluffs present to the ocean a perpendicular front, of from one to four hundred feet in height, and extend a distance of about six miles. At the base, there is an abundance of talcose slate, mixed with quartz, and we were shown specimens of quartz gold, though in very small quantities. At times the ocean breaks against the Bluffs, rendering travelling along the beach a very hazardous matter, for several days together; but in ordinary weather, the beach at the foot of the Bluffs is from twenty to fifty yards in width. The beach is a mixture of gray and black sand. In some places the black sand covers the surface to the depth of an eighth-of-an-inch, and can be easily gathered, though we must say, that during our stay at the Bluffs, the exhibitions of black sand in any great abundance were rare. It is found mixed with scales of gold, very fine, so fine that it cannot be separated by ordinary washing. The beach changes with every tide, and occasionally no black sand is to be seen upon the surface. In digging into the beach, the gray and black sand is found mixed together, the gray largely predominating. In the rills which trickle down the Bluffs, the gold is to be found in quantities, perhaps greater than in the black sand.

The Chesapeake landed several tons of goods at the Bluffs, by means of lines extending from the steamer to the shore, and to which the casks containing the goods were attached. The surf rendered the landing in boats impracticable.—The steamer was anchored nearly half a mile from the shore, and in sounding (the lead being greased to test the quality of the bottom,) several particles of gold were drawn up.

The black sand, as it is called, is principally oxyde of iron, strongly magnetic. Several chemists, who have examined the sand, suppose that a portion of it is oxydated gold, and that but a small portion of the precious metal is visible to the naked eye.

The Pacific Mining Company lay claim to a large portion of the beach, and have erected there log cabins, and laid in a large store of provisions, preparatory to working the Bluffs on an extensive scale. They have a large number of laborers on the ground, and have employed a chemist to extract the gold from the sand, and are sanguine in the belief that their enterprise will yield them a handsome per centage. If the sand yield anything like the quantity of gold which has been represented, we cannot doubt the ultimate success of the Company, if their affairs are managed prudently. But for individuals, single handed, we have no word of encouragement.

The expense of reaching the Gold Bluffs is nearly or quite one hundred dollars, and the cost of getting provisions there about fifty cents per pound. Even suppose the success in getting large quantities of the so-called black sand, without some economical method of separating the gold, it will be valueless. We saw men in the vicinity of the Bluffs who had expended all their means in reaching there, and are now unable to return.

The steamers Republic, Panama and Tennessee had arrived at Panama, each having $2,000,000 in gold.

There had been no choice for United States Senator, in California. The contest was between Col. Fremont and T. Butler King.

Lumber was in better demand. Flour was moving more freely at $12 for Western; Gallego and Haxall, $14. Provisions—Mess Pork $10 a $12 and Prime $9.

San Francisco Markets.—Breadstuffs are declining. Sales of Western Flour at $10 per bbl. Provisions are improving and sales of Mess Pork at $10 a $12 per bbl. Clothing dull, and the market overstocked.

The citizens of San Jose had been holding meetings in favor of constructing a railroad from that city to San Francisco. Stock to the amount of $110,000 had been subscribed for.

There are now 45 steamers plying in the rivers of California.

Among the Bills before the Legislature we notice one to provide the punishment of death in all cases of grand larceny.

Quartz Vein at Wood's Diggings.—Every day adds to the evidences which we possess, both from observation and information, of the great abundance and richness of this country in auriferous quartz veins. We have it from undoubted authority, that the great vein at Wood's Diggings have proved to be very rich. The Mayor of Stockton, Mr. Purdy, has received information to that effect. On Wednesday last, the profits of the Company amounted to $30,000.

The scarcity of rain, says the San Francisco Herald, of the 1st ult., has very materially embarrassed operations in the dry diggings. The miners thus far have occupied themselves in throwing up dirt, ready to take advantage of the first rain that visits them. It is said that in a few days the rain will enable them to collect an immense amount of gold, which being immediately thrown into the hands of traders, would give credit to miners for stores, and have the effect at once of reviving business throughout the country.

A war is being waged with the Indians, which there is reason to fear will grow into a war of extermination. A party of 50 or 60 Americans recently attacked some four hundred Indians, entrenched in a village, killing sixty, and driving the rest from the village. Eight Americans were wounded, two mortally. But the most horrible intelligence contained in the despatches is that of the massacre of seventy two men by the ruthless savages. The massacre took place near Rattlesnake Creek. The men were working in a gulch or chasm, and had stacked their arms, not apprehending any danger. The Indians came upon them by stealth, and having secured their arms, massacred them one by one in detail!

Robbing a Whole Audience.—The Bologna Gazette mentions a new exploit of the famous Passator. On the 21st ult., while the best families of Forlimpopoli (Romagna,) were enjoying the pleasure of a theatrical representation, two detachments of his band entered the town, disarmed the few gendarmes who were on duty at the theatre, and mounting on the stage, ordered the curtain to be raised. Then showing the keys of the gates, they informed the assembled public that they were masters of the town, and ordered all the audience to deliver up their money. They seized the President of the municipality, dragged him to his house, which they pillaged, and then having forced him to give up the keys of the Mont de Piete, went to that establishment, and tried to open the coffers, but ineffectually, because they did not know the secret of the locks. While a part of the population were thus forced to remain in the theatre, another part of the robbers were actively engaged in pillaging the houses of the richest inhabitants. At midnight all the bandits effected their escape.

Negroes in Iowa—A Joke.—An incorrigible wag has succeeded in perpetrating a capital joke upon the Iowa Legislature. It appears upon the Bill prohibiting negroes from entering the State, and affixing heavy penalties upon them when they do enter it, J. T. Morton, of Henry, who is both a Whig and a wag, moved an additional section, "That the Bill should be in force from and after its publication in the Iowa Free Democrat," the Abolition paper at Mount Pleasant. The Bill went back to the House so amended. The amendment was accepted by the House, and the Bill passed. After a while the idea began to eke through the hair of a member that the Abolition organ might decline publishing the law, and thereby kill it stone dead, and he moved for a re-consideration, but failed, and the Bill was left to be sent to the Governor in that crafty shape.—Exchange paper.

Kidnapping Case.—The Governor of Pennsylvania has sent a requisition to the Governor of Maryland for James S. Mitchell, of Cecil County, charged with kidnapping a free negro and carrying him to Maryland. Mitchell's slave woman ran away five years ago, and during her absence had a child. The agent of the owner had secured her and the child and brought them back. The Governor of Pennsylvania considers the child free born. Governor Lowe refuses to deliver Mitchell as a fugitive, and has written a long letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, sustained in his opinion by the Attorney General, taking the ground, as clearly defined by the laws of the State, that a child born of a slave woman is a slave for life, or for the period that the mother is a slave.

Mr. Hunter's Bill.—As there is no little speculation afloat in regard to the real operations of this Bill, as affecting the coal and iron interests of this State, we publish the following, which we are informed by the gentleman who communicated the information he obtained from that quarter from which the construction of the new law is to emanate. The additional duty imposed on iron, as near as can be ascertained, is equivalent to about $1.75 per ton, which will add, from this source alone, to the national revenue about $500,000 per annum. The leading iron masters profess, under all the circumstances, to be satisfied with this increase. The additional duty on coal is about 60 cts. per ton.—Ledger.

Usury Laws Abolished in Iowa.—The Keokuk (Indiana) Register says that the Iowa Legislature, following in the footsteps of Wisconsin, has abrogated all Usury Laws, and permits parties to make their own contracts for the use of money.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 137—adults 52, and children 85.

☞ The gopher, a species of ground squirrel, with pouches on the outside of its cheeks, to carry the dirt from its hole, is very plenty in Missouri and Iowa; but has never yet crossed the river into Illinois or Wisconsin. It only works at night, burrowing in holes under ground, subsisting on the roots of trees, grasses, and vegetables. There are persons who have suffered by their depredations for twenty years, who have never been able to catch, or even see, one of these nocturnal depredators.

☞ The Land Limitation Bill has been defeated in the Wisconsin House of Representatives. Ayes 7, nays 27.

☞ Grinding Pumpkins.—They have taken to grinding pumpkins into flour in Massachusetts, by means of which pumpkin pies, the "peculiar institution" of New England, may be enjoyed at all seasons and in all parts of the world. The "United Society" of Shakers, at Harvard, Mass., are the patentees.

☞ In an examination recently had in the Common Pleas of Cincinnati, a woman examined as a witness, testified that she was married to defendant in New York, he performing the ceremony himself, according to the rites of the Mormon Church, which the witness described to be a kind of goose cackling.

☞ "What a pair of beautiful black eyes that young lady has," said Jenks to Cheeks; "how bright and sparkling!" "Yes, very," replied Cheeks; "they would make splendid breast pins."

☞ An innocent young sportsman hereabout, in order to shoot a squirrel on top of a tall tree, climbed another one near by; and on being asked his reason for so foolish a freak, said that "he didn't want to strain his gun by a long shot!"

MAHAN'S REPORTS OF FASHIONS.

The publication of Mahan's Fashion Plate for this Spring and next Summer is far superior to any heretofore issued. There are twenty figures in different styles of costumes, and among them we recognise likenesses of President FILLMORE, HENRY CLAY, the late Mr. CALHOUN, JENNY LIND, BARNUM, and ROOT, the Daguerreotypist. The plate is finely colored by Mr. J. R. Jones. The publisher contemplates visiting the World's Fair and will carry it out for exhibition. It will not be Mahan's fault if we are not all becomingly dressed the next season.—Philada. Sun of March 8th, 1851.

Constipation of the Bowels or costiveness, headache, giddiness, pain in the side and breast, nausea and sickness, variable appetite, yellow or swarthy complexion, &c., are the usual symptoms of Liver Complaint. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are always certain to remove the above complaints, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause, not only of all disorders of the liver, but of every malady incident to man. A single 25 cent box will in all cases give relief and perseverance will most assuredly drive every particle of disease from the body.

For sale by Agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

March 1851.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
15 Saturday	6 7	5 51	11 29	
16 Sunday	6 6	5 54	1 20	
17 Monday	6 4	5 56	1 57	
18 Tuesday	6 3	5 57	2 34	N. W. M.
19 Wednesday	6 2	5 58	3 48	New 2 9 2
20 Thursday	6 1	5 59	4 41	First 10 4 51
21 Friday	5 59	6 1	5 32	Full 17 8 9
22 Saturday	5 58	6 2	6 23	Last 24 9 17

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

March.	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
2	49	48	50
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
7	37	[illegible]	[illegible]
8	34	[illegible]	[illegible]

Marriages.

On the 22d ult., by the Rev. J. Thomas Ward, Mr. John S. Moffett, to Miss Mary Ann Fowler, all of this city.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Joseph [illegible], to Caroline, daughter of John [illegible].

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. E. Goddard, Lewis P. Lawrence, to Miss Mary [illegible], daughter of [illegible] S. N. Marshall, all of this city.

On the 4th ult., by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Mark Minnis, to Miss Ann J. Young.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. [illegible], Mr. [illegible], to Miss Elizabeth [illegible], daughter of [illegible], all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. L. Sunderland, Mr. Albert Musgrave, of Manayunk, to Sarah C. Arkles, daughter of Edwin Tabor, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th inst., by the Rev. the Rector of Calvary Church, Philadelphia, Mr. Robert A. Smith, to Miss Caroline Smith, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Capt. John S. Taylor, to Evelina H., daughter of J. H. Young, all of this city.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. Robert J. Black, Mr. William McCurdy, to Miss Mary Fleming, both of Kensington.

On the 4th inst., by the Hon. Charles Gilpin, Mayor, Owen Shoemaker, Esq., of Gwynedd township, Montgomery county, to Miss Hannah Shoemaker, of the same township.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. Humphries, Mr. George Pennington, Jr., of the N. Liberties, to Miss Susannah M. Tull, daughter of the late R. Tull, of Kensington.

On the 4th inst., by Mr. Frankel Batener, of the Hebrew Church, Mr. Moritz Fraeber, to Miss Kate Greneda, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th ult., by the Rev. John Miller, Mr. David R. Makepeace, of Kingsessing, to Miss Sarah, daughter of the late Jos. Wright, Esq., of the N. Liberties.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. R. Newton, Mr. Ross L. McGill, to Cornelia T., daughter of G. Hooker, Esq., all of this city.

On the 4th inst., by the same, Mr. William Kirkpatrick, to Miss Josephine Sparks, all of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. William Bell, to Miss Mary A. Annely, both of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the 5th inst., in Chester county, Pa., Edward Needles, Sr., aged 69 years.

On the 9th inst., William R. Miles, aged 30.

On the 5th inst., William Lackey, aged 56.

On the 4th inst., Miss Elizabeth Farmer, aged 25.

On the 5th inst., Mr. Peter Lougheed, aged 41.

On the 4th inst., Eliza A. Snowden, aged 40.

On the 25th ult., Capt. George E. May, aged 34.

On the 5th inst., Julia, daughter of John and Martha Bowden, aged 17 years and 5 months.

At Frankford, on the 5th inst., Mary, daughter of Isaiah Worrell, aged 51 years.

On the 5th inst., Henry C. McFate, aged 6 years and 4 months.

On the 4th inst., Mary E., daughter of J. H. and the late Frances McDowell, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 5th inst., Mary Ann, daughter of Jonathan and Hannah Clapp, aged 4 months.

On the 5th inst., William, son of James and Margaret Brady, aged 7 years.

On the 4th inst., Miss Elizabeth Wilson.

On the 4th inst., Sarah A. Andrew, aged 33.

On the 4th inst., Elizabeth Crawford.

On the 3d inst., Rebecca Colladay, daughter of [illegible] and Rachel Emerick, aged 18 years.

On the 3d inst., Mrs. Ann L., wife of E. H. Grant, aged 35 years.

On the 4th inst., Rebecca Fussell, aged 100 years.

On the 4th inst., Mrs. Eliza, wife of Isaac Cloud, aged 43 years.

On the 5th inst., Charles Alexander, son of Julius and Caroline M. Hoiser.

On the 2d inst., Miss Catharine Zorger, aged 72.

On the 4th inst., Mr. George Walton, aged 82.

On the 3d inst., Mr. John Prentice, Sr., aged 72.

On the 3d inst., Harry L., aged 4 years, and George S., aged 2 years, children of Geo. W. and Caroline L. Holloway.

On the 2d inst., Thomas Hill.

On the 4th inst., Victoria, daughter of G. A. Lewis, aged 13 years.

On the 3d inst., Mrs. Eliza J. McCormack, aged 27 years.

On the 3d inst., Frank, son of Adam and Rebecca Matenger, aged 8 months.

On the 4th inst., Miss Priscilla Horne, aged 20.

On the 4th inst., Robert, son of Jas. and Caroline Whitehill, aged 3 years.

On the 4th inst., Elizabeth Vansant, aged 37.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 15, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	4 a 6 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, Mt. Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
Farmers and Mech. bk N. Brun.	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard, Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ½ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
Lewis co. bk.	no sale
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	3½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
Far bk & branches	1 dis
Valley bk & branch	½ dis
Ex bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mil	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	2½ dis
Bk East Tenn	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3½ dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners bank	—

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 8.

Ashes—Sales 50 bbls at $5,44a5,50 for Pots, and $5,62½ for Pearls.

Cotton—The market is without important change, and the sales are 1,200 bales.

Flour, &c.—In Western and State flour there is not a great deal doing, but the market for common descriptions is firmer. Sales 3,100 bbls at $4,44a 4,50 for common and straight State, and $4,75a4,87½ for pure Genesee.

In Southern flour there is a moderate business doing at $4,62½a$4,75 for common to straight brands, with sales of 850 bbls.

Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull and nominally the same.

Grain—The Wheat market continues dull. Rye is scarce, and pretty firm at 78c. Barley is in request at $1,12½a$1,25. Corn is dull. New Southern yellow is held at 66c. and 67c. is offered. Oats are selling at 50a52c. for Northern and 45a49c. for Jersey.

Provisions—In Pork there is a fair business doing, but the market still continues in favor of the purchaser, with sales of 1,300 bris. at $12,81¼a$12,87½, and $10 for old mess and prime. Beef is firm. Lard quiet; sales of 100 bbls. fair at 8½. Pickled meats firm. Sales 50 brls. Beef Hams at $15,50, and 50 tcs. plain Hams at 7½. Also sales of 50 tcs. dry salted Shoulders at 5¼, and 30,000 lbs. city Shoulders at 5¼. Butter and Cheese unchanged.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Pierre Loole, W. Ramsay, Dr. Josh'a Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, A. J. Smiley.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

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HAND-BOOK OF THE TOILET.

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WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Lenox, Madison County, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1848.

MESSRS. J. E. Warner & Co., Utica, N. York, (Agents for Seth W. Fowle)—Gentlemen: I have seen notices of cures performed by "Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry." I have been troubled with soreness in my throat, attended with severe and painful cough. I am now confined to my house in stormy and foggy weather, cold winds, &c. My bodily health is feeble, and I am now about fifty-five years of age. This tenderness of my throat came on about the year 1806 and has troubled me in my private and professional business, so that I have never been free from it since. I think my case is a hard one for a trial of your medicine, but I enclose to you one dollar, which I understand is the price. Please send me a bottle. If this has a good effect, I shall need to send to you again.

Yours respectfully, J. S. PALMER.

Lenox, Nov. 13, 1848.

J. E. Warner & Co.—Gentlemen, about two weeks since, you sent me a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. I have taken nearly all of it, and find so much relief in using it, that I enclose two dollars for two bottles more. My cough, which had become very severe, and was wearing me out very fast, has nearly subsided. I raise without much effort by coughing, and the tenderness in my throat is very much relieved. It seems to me to be the only medicine to which I can look for permanent relief.

Respectfully yours, J. S. PALMER.

For sale by the gross or dozen, by Love, Smith & Co., No. 8 North 3d street. Also, by Chas. Schaffer, Market street, and Fredk. Brown, 5th and Chesnut, Philadelphia, by A. B. & D. Sands, New York, and by Canby & Bartlett, Baltimore.

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DR. SWAYNE, PROPRIETOR OF SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, AND

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It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

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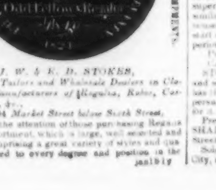

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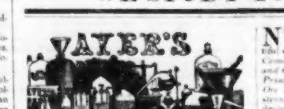

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COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

IN OFFERING TO THE COMMUNITY this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many proofs are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.

Dear Sir: I delayed answering the receipt of your preparation, until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family, or in the families of my friends.

This I have now done with a high degree of satisfaction, in cases both of adults and children.

I have found it, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases. PARKER CLEAVELAND, M. D.

Brunswick, Me., Feb. 5, 1847.

From an Overseer in the Hamilton Mills, in this city.

Lowell, Aug. 10, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer: I have been cured of the worst cough I ever had in my life by your "Cherry Pectoral," and never fail, when I have opportunity, of recommending it to others.

Yours, respectfully, S. D. EMERSON.

☞ Read the following, and see if this medicine is worth a trial. This patient had become very feeble, and the effect of the medicine was unmistakably distinct:—

United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, July 5, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer.—Sir: I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs, and all the symptoms of settled consumption for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would reach my case, until I commenced the use of your "Cherry Pectoral," which gave me gradual relief, and I have been steadily gaining my strength till my health is well nigh restored.

While using your medicine, I had the gratification of curing with it my reverend friend, Mr. Truman, of Sumpter District, who had been suspended from his parochial duties by a severe attack of bronchitis. I have pleasure in certifying these facts to you.

And am sir, yours, respectfully,

J. F. CALHOUN, of South Carolina.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for $5. mar15-6t

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA.—There is no remedy which is so universally successful in removing RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, &c., as

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

The following certificate was enclosed in a letter from Dr. King, the Family Physician of Mr. Bond, who vouches for its correctness.

Louisville, Clay County, Illinois, November 4th, 1847.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—Having been afflicted with Rheumatism for eighteen years, and tried many physicians, and resorted to every remedy I could hear of, but without success, at length, by the recommendation of Dr. King, I was induced to try your medicines. I used a part of a box of SANATIVE PILLS and two bottles of your Alterative, and feel myself perfectly cured. The pain in my leg, (which was the seat of the disease) began to abate in a few hours after taking the Alterative.

Yours, &c., FRANKLIN BOND.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM CURED.

Mr. James Freeman, Miangua, Camden Co., Mo., writes June, 1849.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—With no little gratitude, I avail myself of the opportunity of returning you thanks for timely relief in the use of your Alterative in a protracted case of Chronic Rheumatism of two year's standing. By strictly following your directions a speedy cure was effected at a small cost, as only eight bottles of Alterative were necessary to make a perfect cure. I sincerely recommend to the sick and afflicted, the value of this medicine, combined with efficiency and cheapness. Your medicines are really the poor man's friend. Yours, &c.,

JAMES FREEMAN.

ANOTHER CASE.

Sharon, Whiteside Co., Ill., May 9, 1848.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—I have been for five years most awfully afflicted with Rheumatism. I caught cold by going into the water, and was so bad that for nine months I could not move in my bed. I have had good doctors to attend me, but they all gave me up, and told me that I could not be cured. I also took a great many remedies without any good effect. I was thirteen years old when I was taken, and I am now eighteen, which makes five years that I was compelled to sit in the house.

Last fall I had chills and fever, which left me with a very bad cough and pains in my side, shoulder, leg and hip joint, so that I could scarcely rise up in my chair. I heard of your medicines, and sent to your agent and got one of your almanacs, and also a bottle of your Alterative, of which I have taken six bottles, and am now almost as well as ever I was in my life, except that my hip is stiff. I can prove the truth of the above by more than thirty people. I refer you, however, to Mr. J. M. Barker and Mr. Job Dodge, your agents at Prophetstown, Illinois. GEO. H. BAXTER.

AND STILL ANOTHER CASE.

☞ INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Statement of Mr. Patterson, carpet weaver, Frankford, Penna.

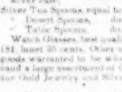
This is to certify, that in the fall of 1848, I had a very severe attack of acute or inflammatory Rheumatism, which was confined more particularly to my lower extremities, by which I was not only confined to my bed, but was for a long time rendered perfectly helpless, and was unable, either by night or day, to obtain respite from most excruciating pains. My limbs, from my hip down, became enormously swollen, and were so sore and painful that I could not bear the least jar or have them moved. It appeared as though nothing which the doctors done for me could either subdue the disease or mitigate my sufferings. I had given up all hope of ever being able to walk again, for I thought if I should escape with my life, I would still forever remain a cripple. But thank God, JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE was procured for me, of which I took a dozen bottles, and followed his directions for the treatment of Rheumatism, as given in his Medical Almanac, which has effectually cured me, and I now enjoy better health than I did previous to my having the Rheumatism, and have regained the perfect use of my limbs.

PETER PATTERSON.

Adams, near Main Street, Frankford, Pa.

Prepared and sold by Dr. D. JAYNE, 84 CHESNUT St., below Third Street. feb8-3m

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



Just received a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches and Jewelry, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarry, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case,			$28.00
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case,			24.00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,			12.00
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,			9.00
Silver Quartier Watches,		from $4.50 to	9.00
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with fine silver case,			1.00
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin,		per set	5.00
" Desert Spoons,	do.	do.	10.00
" Table Spoons,	do.	do.	15.00

Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

O. CONRAD,

No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

Watches carefully Repaired by experienced Workmen and Warranted. sep7-1y*

FOR THE GROWTH, EMBELLISHMENT, AND PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.

STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, which, for nutritive properties, analogous to those which nature furnishes as the seat of nutrition for the human hair, is unrivalled by any former productions. The process by which nature produces the human hair is so minute, that it would be uninteresting to the great majority of mankind to enter into a lengthened description thereof; medical men alone would be patient enough to attend to the obtruse inquiry. Sufficient, therefore, will it be in this place to observe, that it is by experience only that an adaptation can be obtained to the end required; and that only by a reference to the primary elements of our own composition, by which a compound can be produced, reanimating and stimulant, to assist in promoting the benevolent intentions of nature.

STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR is distinguished from all other articles for the hair, as not only being merely an invention for accomplishing the purpose usually set forth, but is truly a vegetable production. As a restorative its efficiency becomes speedily visible in a renewed growth, where the hair had previously been considered as irretrievably lost. As nourishing and strengthening the hair, it produces and sustains a growth luxuriant and of surpassing lustre. The vigor imparted by the Invigorator prevents premature grayness, induces the disposition to curl, so much desired, and under its application the graceful ringlet retains its elastic beauty unaffected by perspiration, damp air, or active exercise.

It invigorates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues its possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy to the latest period of human life.

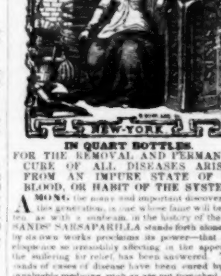
The fact of the patronage it enjoys, its general use, together with numerous testimonials constantly received in its favor, are authorities which stamp its superior excellence and take over all attempts of a similar nature. Being universally preferred, its consequent success causes a host of imitations to start up—but try this once and you will find its superiority.

Price 25 Cents—Large Bottles.

Caution.—Ask for the article by its full name—STORRS' CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, and see that it is so entitled upon the wrapper, and has the signature of Geo. F. Storrs. Never let dealers persuade you to use any other article as a substitute for it.

Prepared only by Geo. F. Storrs, No. 199 MARSHALL St. Principal Depot No. 98 North Eighth Street. my11-eowly

Sold Wholesale and Retail by C. H. Ring, N. York City, and Dexter & Nellegar, Albany, N. Y.



IN QUART BOTTLES.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

AMONG the many and important discoveries of this generation, is one whose fame will be written as with a sunbeam, in the history of the past. SANDS' SARSAPARILLA stands forth alone, and by its own works proclaims its power—that mute eloquence so irresistibly affecting in the appeals of the suffering for relief, has been answered. Thousands of cases of disease have been cured by this invaluable medicine, such as are not furnished in the records of time. These things are not done in secret places, or in some unknown town, but are performed in our principal cities and public places. They are brought before the world to substantiate, beyond doubt, the healing virtues of this preparation; and the facts unfolded, although gigantic, are as plain as the light of day.

The Sarsaparilla is combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom, and its unprecedented success in the restoration to health of those who had long pined under the most distressing chronic maladies, has given it an exalted character—furnishing, as it does, evidence of its own intrinsic value, and recommending it to the afflicted. It has been found only one known. It has been a most important desideratum in the practice of medicine, to obtain a remedy similar to this—one that would act on the liver, stomach, and bowels with all the precision and potency of mineral preparations, yet without any of their deleterious effects upon the vital powers of the system. Although possessed of powerful healing properties, it is entirely harmless, and will not injure the most delicate constitution. When in perfect health, no effect is produced by its use, except an increase of appetite, but when disease is seated in the frame, and carrying out its victim along the path of life, then its mysterious influence is felt and seen; it enkindles new life and vigor and brings health and strength to the suffering and diseased.

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

Winchester, Ky., Oct. 29, 1849.

A. B. & D. Sands—Gentlemen: I would not have presumed to write to you, it was not my duty to let the public know the almost miraculous effect your Sarsaparilla has had upon me. My limbs were covered with ulcerous sores, so that I could not walk during the whole spring and summer. In this situation I commenced the use of your Sarsaparilla, and after taking two bottles was entirely cured. I must also tell you of another wonderful cure. My brother was afflicted with this scrofula in the head, so bad his sight was lost, his eyes were very much irritable, and permanent blindness seemed to be his fate. Three bottles entirely restored his sight, and we cannot but recommend all similarly afflicted to use Sands' Sarsaparilla.

Yours truly, BENJAMIN F. BUCKNER.

ITS POPULARITY ABROAD.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

Maracaibo, Venezuela, April 13th, 1849.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: I consider it a duty due the public to make known the great benefit I have received from using your valuable Sarsaparilla. About three years since I was attacked with Rheumatism in my shoulders, and also in my legs, and so severe was the pain, that I was unable to sleep. I tried all of the best medicines I could hear of, without receiving any benefit, until through the advice of a friend I procured some of your Sarsaparilla, and after using four bottles in the course of fifteen days, I found myself entirely well. I have no hesitation in saying your Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever took, and can confidently recommend it to my friends and the public. Your obedient servant,

J. M. JESBUKUN.

Here is another, nearer home:

New York, Jan. 8, 1850.

Messrs. Sands,—Gentlemen:—I have great pleasure in acknowledging to you the great benefit I have received from the use of your Sarsaparilla. A subject of pulmonary disease, I made a voyage to Europe, but while there continued to be afflicted. A few weeks after my return, I was seized with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs, and from the debility and great prostration of strength that followed, with the protracted difficulty of respiration I was entirely relieved by the use of your Sarsaparilla, which I consider a most important and truly valuable discovery in the healing art. I feel that I have not for fourteen years enjoyed so good health as at present.

Very gratefully yours, S. E. SEYMORE.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

For sale in Philadelphia by Fredk. Brown, Fifth and Chesnut st.; Angney & Dickson, by Fredk. Klett, corner Second and Callowhill, and by Robert Shoemaker. feb1-6meow

NEW YORK WIRE RAILING WORKS—WOVEN IRON RAILING is the most beautiful enclosure for Public or Private grounds, Farms, Cemeteries, Balconies, Verandahs, Window Guards and Grating for Stores, Dwellings, Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, Steamships, &c. &c. Iron Bedsteads, Cots and Ore Screens, &c. &c. For elegance combined with strength, for the beauty of its innumerable variety of designs, and especially for cheapness (at one half the cost of cast iron) it is unrivalled by anything ever offered to the public. Price 70 cents to 3 dollars per lineal foot.

WIRE FENCES, with Iron Posts

For enclosing Railroads, Farms, Parks, Lawns, &c., which are becoming extensively used. This fence is made on an entirely new plan, being portable, yet secure. The whole may be taken down and transported with the same facility as ordinary iron rods. Price 9 to 18 cts per lineal foot 4½ feet high.

IRON BEDSTEADS

Manufactured on an entirely new plan, the advantages combined in the Bedstead, the cheapness, lightness, ease and portability, being so constructed with joints as to fold up into a convenient compass; their entire freedom from the summer annoyances peculiar to the wooden varieties, the small space required by them, and their highly ornamental appearances, particularly adapted to the Southern country.

Wrought and Cast Iron Railing finished to order. Designs and circulars forwarded by addressing the works, 59 and 61 Lewis St. Warehouse 331 Broadway. Agents C. R. CONANTS & Co. 215 Pearl St., N. Y.

Proprietor and manufacturer

JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
feb22-3m 331 Broadway, New York.

THE CHEAP BOOK STORE OF PHILADELPHIA.

DANIELS & SMITH,

Dealers in

OLD AND NEW BOOKS,

No. 36 North Sixth Street, above Market,

respectfully invite attention to their large and choice collection of feb8-3m*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS,

embracing many scarce works, now "out of print," and, consequently, not often to be found on sale.

They pay particular attention to orders from

LIBRARY COMPANIES

and Literary Companies, and as this forms a considerable part of their business, they can furnish the most satisfactory reference as to ability, fairness, &c.

CAMBLOS & BROTHER, EXCHANGE BANKERS,

No. 22 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. jan4-1y

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

N. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked at the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.

aug19-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

ARCHER & WARNER, MANUFACTURERS, NO. 119 CHESNUT STREET.

Would call the attention of purchasers to their extensive assortment of

ELEGANT LAMPS,

CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, PENDANTS,

and other fixtures of original and splendid designs, and of the best workmanship and finish. The recent award of a gold medal by the Franklin Institute for the great improvements exhibited in their workmanship, and especially for the BEAUTY and GRACE of their

ORIGINAL PATTERNS,

is a guarantee that persons purchasing at this establishment will be furnished with an article that will be satisfactory in all respects.

They also introduce Gas Pipes into buildings in the best manner, and at the lowest rates, and attend to all kinds of altering and repairing. All work done in this house

WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.

The recent introduction of approved machinery, and the division of labor instituted in their factory, enable them to offer articles of mar15-tf

ORIGINAL PATTERNS,

that will compare with any establishment in the country, in regard to either workmanship or price.

Selected Poetry.

DEATH AT SEA.

[We find the following lines in the New York Tribune, accompanied with a statement that they were composed on having read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on the voyage to California. They will reach the hearts of those who have friends in, or going to the Land of Gold.]

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying;
Soon ye'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying,
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him;
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her,
Now that she is growing old,)
That her son would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now:
Tell—oh, tell her how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them—
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so, in His Word.

Oh, my children!—Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But they've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts her memory stirred;
Tell them I ne'er reached the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance
Will secure for each a share—
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis, I know His voice so well,
When I'm gone—oh, don't be weeping;
Brother, here's my last farewell.

Leaves from History.

NAPOLEON.

FROM LORD HOLLAND'S FOREIGN REMINISCENCES, RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY THE HARPERS.

Napoleon not only never forgot a favor, but unlike most ambitious characters never allowed subsequent injuries to cancel his recollection of services. He was uniformly indulgent to the faults of those whom he had once distinguished. He saw them, he sometimes exposed and rectified, but he never punished or revenged them. Many have blamed him for this on the score of policy; but if it was not sense and calculation, it should be ascribed to good-nature. None, I presume, will impute it to weakness or want of discernment. He described himself, however, as a just, not an easy man. True it is, as I have before remarked, that his dislike and even his displeasure seldom led to any persecution, or even permanent exclusion of the objects of it from promotion; though it exposed them to asperity of language and other petty mortifications. He not only preserved in high employment, but advanced to higher, some persons opinions were most hostile to his system of government, as well as others of whom he spoke with anger and contempt. In repressing the injustice of all authorities inferior to his own, he was impartial, severe, and inflexible. Neither minister, prefect, officer, nor military authority, could venture to exceed the letter of the law. Never was government, in France at least, so little military as that of Napoleon, never was justice more steadily and equally administered between men, and even between government and its subjects. There was indeed at the latter period of his reign no security whatever against abuse but the knowledge, vigilance, and will of one man;* but scarcely in an instance, save the conscriptions when the Empire was pressed for supplies of men, did that dependence on the ubiquity of the Emperor's protection and the inflexible impartiality of his administration, fail any of his subjects. Had any prefect or military man interfered with the election of deputies, nomination of juries, or common transactions of life in the way since practiced in every department, such illegal and vexatious interference would, without even the necessity of a remonstrance, have been immediately punished and remedied under the Imperial Government. The principles of freedom, which alone can secure good institutions from abuse, were nearly extinguished under his absolute rule, and have revived and attained some vigor since his downfall; but equality before the law, impartiality in the administration of justice, and certainty of redress in case of any injury, either from individuals or from civil and military authorities, have not been greater or even so great under the succeeding governments during peace, as they were under Napoleon at war with half the world. I received this remarkable testimony to the character of the Imperial Government† from an unbiassed and unsuspected quarter, from M. Gallois, who had refused employment under him, and was too sincere and enlightened a friend of freedom not to abhor a system which depended exclusively on the character of an individual. It was the result of observation and reflection, not of personal attachment, much less of habitual reverence for power. He admitted that the all-penetrating sagacity of Napoleon, his indefatigable diligence, his extraordinary knowledge of men and things, and his stern, inflexible impartiality, were, during his life, efficacious substitutes for much better institutions; but he justly observed that the inherent vices would, in all certainty, have been felt, as they, in fact, were, the moment that the wonderful genius which corrected them, ceased to be at the head of the state. His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, characters, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had, when Emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his Empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could, at any time, repeat any one of them, even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. The minister, recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection. His knowledge, in other matters, was often as accurate and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys from the insignificant republic of San Marino‡ were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing to him over-night, in order to assist his deliberations. Some anecdotes related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him in the Undaunted to Elba in 1814, prove the extent, variety, and accuracy of knowledge of Napoleon. On his first arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a Russian commissioner, Capt. Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived of forming a vast fleet of one hundred and sixty ships of the line. He asked Captain Usher if he did not think it would have been practicable; and Usher answered, that with the immense means he then commanded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen, as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors. Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also; he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the most arduous manœuvres of seamanship which he enumerated; and he mentioned among them the keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledging his own ignorance, asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that Capt. Usher assured me he knew none but professional men, and very few of them, who could off-hand have given a so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred, from such an exposition, that the person making it had received a naval education, and was a practical seaman. Yet how different were the objects on which the mind of Napoleon must have been long, as well as recently, employed!

On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into a harbor† of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity; and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Farajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a creek near Genoa (which he named, but I have forgotten); upon hearing which Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient, if the peculiarities of the little bay were really such as he described; but Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance, many years afterward, to Captain Dundas, who had recently cruised in the Gulf of Genoa, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For," (said he,) "I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek, by observation and experience."‡ Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his memory in retaining, and his quickness in applying it, his labor both in acquiring and using it was equal to them. In application to business he could wear out the men most inured to study. In the deliberations on the Code Civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve or fifteen hours without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that even in the Moscow campaign he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris directions in detail, which in every government but his would, both from usage and convenience, have been left to the discretion of the superintending minister, or to the common routine of business. This and other instances of his diligence are more wonderful than praiseworthy. He had established an office with twelve clerks and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract, translate, abridge, and arrange under heads the contents of our English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or virulent; no charge, however injurious or malignant. As, however, he did not specify the Empress, Mounier, who reluctantly complied with his orders, ventured to suppress, or at least to soften, any phrases about her; but Napoleon questioned others on the contents of the English papers; detected Mounier and his committee in their mutilations of the articles, and forbade them to withhold any intelligence or any censure they met with in the publications which they were appointed to examine. Yet with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his attention, he found time for private and various reading. His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity; and it must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice§ before his elevation, and such was the impatience to open both parcels and letters that, however employed, he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine, and others, well acquainted with his habits, very pardonably took some advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, or request. He liked to know everything; but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing entirely from himself, feeling, like many others in power, an unwillingness to encourage even those they love in an opinion that they have an influence over them, or that there is any certain channel to their favor. His childish eagerness about cases, led in one instance to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the Empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel to be brought up, and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds, which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her Imperial Majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle.

* The following picture of Napoleon's government is taken chiefly from M. Gallois, who has frequently, and nearly in the terms of the text, given me such a representation of the justice, policy, and vigilance of his administration as I have here endeavored to preserve.

† It was confirmed in many particulars by other sober-minded and credible men who lived under his government, and had access to him or to his ministers.

* They waited upon him at Bologna.
† I think Bastia.
‡ Related to me by Captain Usher at Paris, 1826.
§ Denon, Mechin, and others.
‖ Mechin.

AMERICAN DAGUERREOTYPES.

The superiority of our Daguerreotypes over those produced in Europe, is known to most persons who are familiar with current facts in art. T. Buchanan Read, a young American artist now in Italy, writing to the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, refers to this subject, in a paragraph, which we extract. He says:

"Previous to leaving Cincinnati, I possessed myself of a few Daguerreotypes, which were taken by Faris & Hawkins, and wherever they have been seen by artists and others in England, Germany and Italy, they have been pronounced to be the finest specimens ever beheld in these countries. One, a large plate by Mr. Faris, has attracted so much attention and admiration, that it is continually lent out and passed around as a curiosity, showing how far the New World has beaten the Old, even at her own inventions. A friend of mine yesterday exhibited this one to a French Daguerreotypist in Florence, who stared over it with eyes like saucers, and shrugged his shoulders up to his ears, and exclaimed, 'Vive l'Amerique!' recognizing at a glance that it was not European. He acknowledged, without any hesitation, that he had never seen any thing in his line of art to compare with it. To be convinced of the truth of this, one has only to look at the specimens which adorn the show cases here; they remind me of those 'half-dollar' establishments to be met with so frequently in our Eastern cities. I cannot understand why, in this old world of art, Daguerreotyping should be so far inferior to what it is in America; nor have I heard any satisfactory explanation. The operators, when they pretend to give any reason, lay the blame upon the weather. In London this might be a good and sufficient reason; but in Italy, especially, the atmosphere can scarcely be the sole cause for so much difference. I am inclined to think that good chemists in this country have not, as in ours, turned their attention to the subject."

TALKING AND DOING.

When Dr. Chalmers was executing his plan of establishing parochial schools in connexion with St. John's Parish, in Glasgow, a site, which belonged to the College, was selected for the first school to be erected. Dr. Chalmers called on Dr. Taylor, the head of the College, in order to purchase this site. He expressed his hope of obtaining it on reasonable terms, in consequence of the novelty and importance of the undertaking.

"The undertaking," said Dr. Taylor, "is an important one, but it is not a new one. We have been talking for twenty years of establishing parochial schools in Glasgow."

"Yes," said Dr. Chalmers, "but how many years more do you intend to talk about it? Now we are going to do the thing, and not to talk about it, and so you must even let the price be as moderate as possible, seeing we are going to take the labor of talking and projecting entirely off your hands."

There is a great difference between talking and doing, though all men do not seem to be aware of it. In the case above alluded to, more was accomplished by the latter in six months than by the former in twenty years.

There are many persons who would be greatly profited by exchanging talking for doing. For example, the student who talks of the attainments he is going to make, the minister who talks of the good sermons he is going to write, the church member who talks of the efforts for the conversion of men which he is going to put forth, the unconverted sinner who talks of the repentance which he is going to exercise.—*New York Observer.*

Wit and Humor.

THE BARN SHINGLERS.

A HIT AT POLITICIANS.

Every body has heard about the Barn Burners, but the history of the Barn Shinglers is yet to be written.

Somewhere Down East, some dozen years ago, a State Legislature had prohibited the sale of spirituous liquors in less quantities than fifteen gallons. This produced great excitement, and at last the subject was brought to the polls—the citizens being divided into Law and Anti-Law men, the former being for, and the latter against the law.

Now at this fearful crisis in the affairs of the State, it so fell out that in the village of Dunsdom, the numerous and respectable family of Gripes were seen, for the first time, to take a lively interest in politics. They had hitherto belonged rather to the temperance party; and given their support to the fifteen gallon law. But now, strange to say, they were on the other tack, from old Deacon Seth Gripes, down to his grandson, who rejoiced in the name of Ahab. Altogether uncles, cousins, brothers, and brothers-in-law, they constituted a formidable body, and, directly and indirectly, were supposed to control at least, a hundred votes.

Now, it may well be supposed; that a phenomenon so remarkable as the sudden conversion of this family from their good, old-fashioned ways to the other side of a great social, moral, religious, and political question naturally excited the curiosity of the Paul Prys of Dunsdom. Accordingly, when the above mentioned Deacon Seth Gripes, requested his neighbor, Solomon Sly, to go with him and his friends, the said Solomon, very naturally asked the reason for such a request.

The Deacon replied that he considered that the Fifteen Gallon Law injured the glorious cause of temperance, that it was an odious invasion of the liberty of private life, it was unconstitutional, and against the higher law of conscience, which gave man the right to eat and drink, how, when and what he pleased.

"That may all be, Deacon," said Solomon, with a face becoming his name, "but you remember that last year you were exactly of the opposite opinion."

"Yes, I don't deny it," was the reply, but I have changed my mind."

"And what led you to change your mind, if I may be so bold?"

"Why, Solomon, you're a kind of a third cousin of my wife's, and so I think I may tell you all about it. We are going to send my grandson Ahab, to the State Legislature."

"Whew!" said Solomon, "that's news indeed, and what has put you up to that?"

"Well," said the Deacon, "Ahab, you know, has been building a barn, and he has got it all done except shingling; it will cost about a hundred dollars to finish it, and we calculate that if we send him to the general court this Winter, he can save enough to pay the expense."

Now this little piece of history is full of instruction. Not only town and village politics, but even those of free, sovereign and independent States, are often controlled by men, who make great declarations about principle, but every one of whom is, after all, only devising the ways and means *by which he may shingle his barn.*

SICK OF HIS BARGAIN.—"The subject of the following anecdote," writes a friend, "is an old and respectable physician, who is now a very strenuous temperance man, although in his young days, he sometimes patronized the groceries over much. On one occasion, having indulged too freely in a variety of spirituous decoctions with some boon companions, he mounted his mare and started for home. He had not gone far before the inconsiderate 'commingling of spirits' in his stomach, gave rise to such a furious rebellion, that he was fain to dismount and come to an anchor against a large log by the roadside, where he commenced a process of upheaving that was truly alarming. While engaged in these spasmodic efforts at relief, he was accosted by a traveller, who, with a true Yankee solicitude, inquired what was the matter. The inebriate, in an interval of the paroxysm, gruffly replied, that he 'had traded horses, and was *very sick of his bargain.*'"—*Nantucket Enquirer.*

THE LEOPARD.—"This 'ere hanimal, my little dears," observed the keeper of a menagerie to a school, "is a leopard. His complexion is yaller, and agreeably diversified with black spots! It vos a vulgar herror of the hancients, that the critter vos hincapable of changin' his spots, vitch vos disproved in modern times by observin' that he very frequently slept in one spot, and next night changed to another!"

"But, I say, Mr. Showman!" screamed little Johnny, "the leopard ain't yellow at all—the Bible says he's white!"

"Vere is the text," inquired the showman, majestically—"in the Apothecary, or in the song of Susannah?"

"It's where it says that Gehazi went forth a *leper*, white as snow!"

NEW MEDICAL RECEIPTS.—To sharpen the appetite—swallow a whetstone.

To give tone to the stomach—get it lined with bell metal.

To prevent the tic-dollar owe—never run in debt.

For a tightness of the chest—first get your heart open with some mild, charitable laxative, and the lid to your chest will open easily.

To cause a white swelling to disappear—cover it with shoe blacking or Japan varnish.

To prevent the hair from turning gray—make up your mind to dye.

For a felon—arrest and imprisonment.

For fits—consult a tailor.

A HAPPY QUOTATION.—Doctor Mountain, whose wit pleased on all occasions, being at Court with George II., who liked his company on that account, news was brought to the King of a vacant bishopric.

"I know not," said his Majesty, "at present, to whom I shall give it."

Doctor Mountain instantly rose, and, putting his hand upon his breast, said:

"If thou had'st faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou would'st say to this *Mountain*—be thou removed, and cast into the sea," (see).

CHARGE.—A short time before the death of the eminent lawyer Judge Foster, he went to the Oxford circuit in one of the hottest summers ever remembered. His charge to the grand jury was as follows:—

"Gentlemen, the weather is exceedingly hot, I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with your duty. Practise it."

A BATCH OF PROOFS.—The proof of a pudding is in the eating.

The proof of a woman is in making the pudding.

And the proof of a man is in being able to dine without one.

☞ It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. Exactly so, and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them.

For the Young.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE LAST TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUSS IN BOOTS," "CINDERELLA," "LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD," ETC.

PART SECOND.

The next evening, the old man, taking his usual seat in the arm-chair, resumed his story without any preamble, though a preamble is generally considered as important by a story-teller, as a preface is by the writer of a romance. He spoke as follows:—

It would seem that my mother, in her obscure and peaceful life, had nothing to wish for, or that her wishes were all fulfilled as soon as formed; for she not only never invoked the fairy of the vault, but even gradually lost all remembrance of the promises made her by the unknown, and the whole adventure at last faded from her memory. It is true that thirteen years had passed away, and the young girl had become a wife and mother. She had long left the house where the occurrence I have related to you took place, and had come to live in the Rue St. Jaques, where we now reside, though I have since then rebuilt the former tenement.

My father, as you know, was a lawyer. Though of noble birth, he did not think it beneath him to marry the daughter of a shopkeeper, with but a small dowry. He found in Madeline's excellent qualities, her gentleness and beauty, irresistible attractions—and who that knew her could disapprove of his choice? Madeline possessed in an eminent degree, that natural refinement of mind and manner which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in some. She devoted herself entirely to the happiness of her husband and her four sons, of whom I was the youngest. My father's income was quite sufficient for all the expenses of our happy family; for a truly happy family it was, till it pleased God to lay a heavy trial upon us. My father fell ill, and for a whole year was obliged to give up the profits of his situation to provide a substitute; and he had scarcely begun, after his recovery, to endeavor to repair the losses he had suffered, when a fresh misfortune occurred.

One night, as my mother was lying quietly in bed, with her four little cubs around her, she was awakened by an unusual noise, to behold the house wrapped in flames, which had already almost reached the room in which we were. At this moment my father appeared, and took my eldest brothers in his arms, while my mother had charge of Nicholas and me, who were the two youngest. Never shall I forget this awful moment. The flames crackled and hissed around us, casting a livid hue over the pale faces of my father and mother, who boldly advanced through the fire. With great difficulty they gained the staircase. My father dashed bravely forward. Nicholas, whom my mother held by the hand, screamed violently, and refused to go a step further. She caught him up in her arms, but during the short struggle the staircase had given way, and for a few moments my mother stood paralyzed by despair. But soon the imminent danger roused all the energy of her heroic nature. Your grandmother was no common woman. She immediately retraced her steps, and firmly knotting the bedclothes together, fastened my brother and myself to them, and letting us down through the window, my father received us in his arms. Her children once saved, my mother thought but little of danger to herself, and she waited in calm self-possession, till a ladder being brought, she was rescued.

This trial was but a prelude to many others.—The loss of our house completed the ruin of which my father's illness was the beginning. He was obliged to dispose of his situation, and take refuge in small lodgings at Chaillot, and there set to work steadily and cheerfully to support his family, opening a kind of pleader's office for legal students; but his health soon failed, and he became dangerously ill. My noble-minded mother struggled hard to ward off the want that now seemed inevitable; but what availed the efforts of one woman to support a sick husband and four children? One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. I shall never forget my mother's face, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks when one of us cried—"Mother, we are very hungry!"

She now resolved to apply for help to the nuns of Chaillot; a step which, to her independent spirit, was a far greater trial than to brave the threats of the mob or the fury of the flames.—But what is there too hard for a mother who has heard her children ask for food which she had not to give them? With sinking heart, and cheek now pale, now crimson from the struggle within her, she presented herself at the Convent, and timidly made known her desire to speak with the superior. Her well-known character procured her instant admission, and her tale once told, obtained for her much kindly sympathy, and some relief. As she was passing through the cloisters on her way back, she was startled by a voice suddenly demanding—"Art thou not Madeline Perrault?"

My mother started—the tones of that voice found an echo in her memory, and though thirteen years had elapsed since she had heard it, she recognized it to be that of the being whom her husband was wont to call her "Fairy." She turned round, and as the pale moon-beams that were now struggling through the long dim aisle fell upon the well-remembered stately form, in its black garb and flowing mantle, it seemed to Madeline's excited imagination to be indeed a being of some other world.

"I made thee a promise," said the unknown—"didst thou doubt my power, that thou hast never invoked my aid?"

My mother crossed herself devoutly, now convinced that she was dealing with a supernatural being. The phantom smiled at her awe-struck look, and resumed—

"Yet fear not; you have but to name three wishes, and my promise is still sure; they shall be granted."

"My husband—oh, if he were but once more well!"

"I say not that to give life or healing is within my province to bestow. God alone holds in His hands the issues of life and death. Say what else lies near thine heart?"

"Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want!"

"This is but one wish, and I would grant two more."

"I ask not, wish not for more."

"Be it so, then, Madeline Perrault; hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders that shall reach you before twelve hours have passed over your head."

And she disappeared from Madeline's sight as suddenly as she had appeared to her.

My mother returned home in considerable agitation, and told my father all that had occurred. He tried to persuade her that the whole scene had been conjured up by her own excited imagination. But my mother persisted in repeating that nothing could be real if this was but fancy—and they passed a sleepless night in bewildering conjectures.

Early the next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman announced to my mother that it was sent to convey her and her family to a place appointed by one whose summons there was good reason they should obey. No questioning could extract from him any further information. You may well fancy how long my father and mother debated as to the prudence of obeying the mysterious summons. But curiosity at last prevailed; and to the unmixed delight of the children of the party, we all got into the carriage, which took the road to Paris, and drove on rapidly till we reached the Rue St. Jacques, where it drew up before a new house; and as the servant opened the carriage door and let down the steps, my father perceived that it occupied the site of his house which had been burned down.

Our little party was met in the entrance by a deputation of the civic authorities, who welcomed my father to his house, and congratulated him on his being reinstated in the situation he had so long held with such credit to himself, and as they were pleased to add, to themselves as members of the body to which he was such an honor.

My father stood as if in a dream, while my mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed to her; and hastily breaking the seal, she read,—

"Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified!"

"Only that I may be allowed to see my benefactress, to pour out at her feet my heart's gratitude."

And at the instant the door opened, and the unknown appeared. Madeline, with clasped hands, darted suddenly forward; then as suddenly checking herself, uttered some incoherent words, broken by sobs.

"Madeline," said the lady, "I have paid but a small part of the debt I owe you. But for you a ferocious mob would have murdered me and my children. To you I owe lives dearer to me than my own. Do not deem me ungrateful in so long appearing to have forgotten you. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me also with heavy trials. Like you, I have seen my children in want of food which I had not to give, and without a spark of fire to warm their chilled limbs. But more, my husband was traitorously put to death, and I have been myself proscribed. When you rescued me, they were hunting me like a wild beast, because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his fathers, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes Madeline Perrault!"

"But how can your Madeline ever pay the debt she owes?" exclaimed my mother.

"By sometimes coming to visit me in my retreat at Chaillot; for what has a Queen without a kingdom, a widow weeping for her murdered husband, a mother forever separated from her children—what has she any more to do with the world whose nothingness she has so sadly experienced? To know that amid my desolation I have made one being happy, will be soothing to me, and your children's innocent merriment perchance may beguile some lonely hours. Henceforth, Madeline, our intercourse will not bear the romantic character that has hitherto marked it, and which chance, in the first instance, and afterwards a whim of mine, has made it assume.—By accident I was led to take refuge in your house in the Rue des Bourdonnais, and instantly recollected it as the former abode of Ruggieri, my mother's astrologer. His laboratory was the vault which doubtless you have not forgotten, and the entrance to which was so well known to me as the subterraneous passage by which I left it, and which led to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the superior, and was about to inquire directly of yourself, when, seeing the effect of my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy once more. The instant you left me I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possessed, and money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of making once again your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy, I have still some influence, and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protectress."

And from that time the Queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family—and it is to her I owe the favor and patronage of the minister of Colbert.

"And now, children," said Perrault, "how do you like my last fairy tale?"

BABY MAY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs with tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion;
Catching up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

Selected Articles.

THE DUTCHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

That profound philosopher, the Albany Dutchman, gives to the world the following gems:

What we deem unnatural, very frequently means only such acts as are *unusual*. It would be considered at the present time an unnatural piece of oppression for us to hang Quakers because they praise God with their hats on, and yet the time has been when Quakers were as regularly strung up for this offence as onions were—the act not being considered unnatural, but commendable. We think cannabalism unnatural, and yet if we had partaken of broiled clergyman as often as the South Sea Islanders have, it is quite likely that we should look upon the act as the only beneficial mode of receiving religious instruction.

A large portion of our happiness springs from ignorance rather than from knowledge. To make an evil endurable, all that's necessary is to be unconscious of anything better. To those who have not seen oysters, clams are considered the best of shell fish.

It is obedience that enslaves men, not tyranny. Nero would have been as powerless as root-beer had he not been made formidable by the cowardice of the Romans. To reduce the Sultan to a suppliant, all that's required is to have Turkey say, "I won't," some day, and stick to it.

What a pity that pleasure can't be multiplied in the same ratio that pain can. The man that gets a dollar a day will find his happiness augmented greatly should he get five dollars for the same quantity of time. Increase his income, however, from five dollars a day to ten, and you will not add to his happiness a particle. As five dollars a day will get a person all the comforts he can possibly desire, any increase of that income will add to his troubles rather than to "his pleasures or contentment. Surplus wealth brings real estate, real estate litigation; while litigation very frequently ends in broken sleep, loss of appetite, bad digestion, melancholy and suicide.

Although a money-lender is one of the most useful men in the world, there is nobody so universally despised. Of all the people we hate, the pawnbroker who advanced a dollar on our sleeping furniture, is the most contemptuously spoken of, although that very dollar may have saved us from starvation. Even the gambler who helps to ruin us, is less earnestly disliked that the saving old gentleman who helps us over our troubles by loaning us on usury.

While the spendthrift who drives his "old man" to distraction, by keeping late hours and fighting-cocks, is termed a "d——h clever fellow, though a little wild," the youth who augments his earnings by hard toil and early snoozing, is set down as a spiritless sneak that is scarcely safe to be acquainted with. As Bentham very justly observes, those who have the resolution to sacrifice the present to the future, are natural objects of envy to those who have sacrificed the future to the present. The children who have eaten their cake, are the natural enemies of the children who have theirs. While the money is hoped for, and for a short time after it has been received, he who lends it is a friend and benefactor; by the time the money is spent, and the evil hour of reckoning is come, the benefactor is found to have changed his nature, and put on the tyrant and the oppressor.

The love of obstinacy is so great in the human family, that we actually believe that if the legislature should make it penal to help men in distress, the number of Howards that would spring up in the community would be equal to the felons. Put a man on the free list, and his desire to visit theatres falls to zero in a moment.

THE SINGER'S MISTAKE.—Marini, the great basso of the Italian Opera, was imprisoned in Havana some time ago, because he sung the word *liberta*, in the opera of I Puritani. The original words of the opera are—"It is beautiful or glorious to meet death with the shout of liberty," but the Government of Cuba always requires the singers to substitute the word *lealta* (loyalty) for *liberta*. On one occasion Marini, it seems, so far forgot the place he was in, as to sing *liber*—, when, recollecting himself, he changed to *lealta*.

But the slip of the tongue was regarded as intentional by the jealous Spanish authorities, and he was accordingly sent to prison for his offence. When he was released, he had occasion, the night after, to sing in *L'Elisire d'Amore*, the line *Vende sua liberta, si fa soldato.* "He sold his liberty, to become a soldier," but determined to make no mistake this time, he sang, *Vende sua lealta* (loyalty) *si fa soldato.* The new application was so obviously droll, that the whole audience broke forth in loud laughter.

TROY WEIGHT.—It is said that William the Conqueror introduced into England what was called Troy Weight, from Troyes, a town in the province of Champagne. The English were dissatisfied with it, because the pound did not weigh so much as the pound then in use in England—Hence came the term *avoir du poise*, which was a medium between the French and the ancient English weight.

BASHFUL LOVERS.

Julia Watson was not only a beautiful girl, with dark brown hair that would curl in spite of a comb and brush, bright flashing eyes that had concealed in their depths a world of mischief, and plump cherry lips that seemed made for temptation—but she was the only child of a wealthy farmer—a combination of *charms* which is seldom found, even in this country. She was the toaste of the gallants far and near, many of whom had made desperate efforts to secure the prize, but so far, in vain. Strange to say of one in her situation—it is so different from our usual observation—she was neither haughty nor coquettish; she wore no shield of cold disdain to repel approach, nor did she invite the attention of suitors, only to triumph in their rejection. She was fond of fun and frolic, full of such innocent mischiefs, as are merely provocative of good humored gaiety—but she never trifled with honest affection.—Her unsuccessful admirers, with a single exception, were ever warmest in her praise—a tribute to her character worth volumes of panegyric.—The exception was a dandyish fortune hunter, who was willing to take the charming girl as an incumbrance upon her father's broad acres, and who fancied that the wordy cloud of incense he poured forth at her feet, would hide his selfish design; his discomfiture when he saw the thin disguise was penetrated, vented itself in a volley of abuse which served only to make its author more ridiculous.

Julia was two years beyond her 'teens, and still bloomed—an unplucked flower—in her father's dwelling. In answer to all raillery upon the subject, she declared her intention of clinging to that respectable sisterhood, yclept old maids; and the assertion was, of course, always received with a smile of incredulity.

There lived in the neighborhood, a young farmer, whose parents were both dead, and who kept open the paternal mansion, through the assistance of an antiquated colored domestic, an heir loom in the family. After receiving in his boyhood all the polish which could be bestowed upon a rising genius in the village school, he had gone to study nature in the fields; in other words, his active youth had been passed in the cultivation of the soil, and he attained a sturdy manhood, a noble specimen of what industry, self-reliance, honesty towards men, and reverence towards God, can produce out of our fallen humanity. His face was embrowned by many a harvest sun, but it still wore that genial smile, so attractive to children, which no hypocrisy can imitate. His hand was hard, but it was ever open to the poor; and the desolate stranger, or the afflicted neighbor who sought his grasp, loved its very roughness, and it was such a strong hand to cling to!

William Farrington had reached his twenty-fifth year, and was still unmarried. Many an aspiring damsel had set "her cap" for him, but he refused to be caught; at last, by common consent of all the gossips of the place, he had been elected a suitable bridegroom for our heroine. Had his kind friends, who thus voted him a bride, known how ardently he loved the object of their choice, they would have wondered still more at his prolonged bachelorship. The truth was, William could not summon sufficient courage to declare his love. Although he had no skill in the polished small talk of modern drawing-rooms, he could still appear in society to very good advantage, save when in company with the girl he loved.—Then his presence of mind always forsook him; his strikingly handsome figure, became, by its carriage, rude and clumsy; his two hands seemed one too many, and his tongue lost the power of utterance.

Julia was not insensible to the [illegible] she had inspired, nor to the diffidence which stood in the way of its declaration. Through all the granite, she had the good sense to discover the heart of gold; but a certain maidenly modesty prevented her from making any advances to remove the difficulty. Besides, there was plenty of time, and she had full faith in her father's oft-quoted maxim, "wherever there's a will, there's a way."

William, on his part, made many desperate resolves, but they failed upon trial. He had essayed writing, but he never could get the secret of his heart even to paper, and never got beyond a few broken sentences. Often, after the labors of the day were over, had he gone to seek an interview, but his courage always failed him at the last moment, and he would hastily retrace his steps, or if discovered by the family, feign some other errand. At length he resolved to test his courage by daylight, and accordingly towards the close of a fine afternoon he found himself before the door. He lifted up the knocker, (his heart meanwhile pounding a series of double knocks against his waistcoat,) and let it fall lightly upon the brazen ball. It was a modest appeal for admission, but to him seemed louder than a stroke of the church bell, and he would fairly have run away, had he not heard approaching footsteps. Julia herself came to admit him, and the slight blush upon her cheek as she encountered the unexpected visitor, rendered her doubly charming in his eyes.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Farrington," said she, in the usual style of New England greeting for this hour of the day, "will you walk in?"

"Very well, I thank you," he replied, in answer to an imaginary question, (for in his confusion he had not understood a word she had uttered,) and followed her into the house.

He took his seat upon the settee, and attempted some preliminary conversation, but the words clung to his heart like a hook in the mouth of a fish, and he delivered them gaspingly.

"Miss Jul—hem—Miss Watson—may I—a—a—is your father at home?"

He knew this was an inglorious conclusion for such a spasmodic effort, but he seized upon it as a drowning man would catch a straw.

"Yes, father is about home—shall I call him?" she replied, half rising from her seat.

"No!" he said, with startled energy—then frightened at his impetuosity, added—"that is—I would—hope he is well!"

It was evident he was not "*getting on*," and here he came to a dead halt. She saw that he had some communication of importance to make, and her heart whispered the secret in advance; instead, therefore, of coming to his relief by turning the conversation into a smoother channel, she left him to flounder on among the breakers. He tried to think of one of the many speeches he had conned for the occasion, but they were all mixed in his memory, a mass of tangled words, and he could not catch the end of the skein. His color came and went, varying almost with each breath, and the moment of silence which ensued seemed to him an age of suffering. Growing desperate, he began again—

"Miss Watson—I—I—have called—to say—to ask—to de—de—clare—in short to tell you how much I love you!" The effort was too much, and the strong man who would have sat under the surgeon's knife without blenching, fainted outright and sank down upon the cushions!

Julia had watched his varying hue, but had not anticipated this sudden catastrophe. With admirable presence of mind she ran to the mantle, where upon a narrow shelf had stood, from the time immemorial, a bottle of camphor spirits—the universal remedy for syncope.

Now it happened that farmer Watson, like many an other hard working man, whose sinews have been over-strained, was troubled with a rheumatic shoulder, and had procured a bottle of liniment to be used as a mollifying embrocation. This bottle had, for the moment, usurped the place of the aromatic solution, and was mistaken for it on this occasion. With her eyes fixed upon the pallid face of her lover, the frightened girl hastily drew the cork from the bottle, and pouring some of the liquid into her hand, spread it upon his forehead!

Whether it was the odor of the fragrant compound, or the thrilling touch of the tremulous hand, which brought the young man again to consciousness, I cannot tell, but he immediately revived.

The world may laugh as it will at such timidity, and rail at my hero as a country clown, but I am sure the sensible girl, now many years a happy wife, would not have exchanged the purity and freshness of the heart, thus struggling to lay itself at her feet, for all the ease of a hackneyed lover, who can discourse eloquently of a passion, with the fluency of one who has nothing at stake.

"Do tell me," said a city visitor to her on one occasion, "if the report was true, that your husband fainted away when making his declaration."

"Yes," she replied, with a quiet smile, "I believe I must confirm the story, and I have a fancy," she added thoughtfully, "that timidity in a lover is in general, a sign of innocence; and I cannot help thinking that when a man is fluent in love making, EITHER HIS HEART IS NOT IN IT, OR HE HAS HAD TOO MUCH EXPERIENCE IN THE ART!"

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.—The true comparison for your man of the world, is quicksilver. It is always cold, yet can never be brought to genuine, stow ice; is brilliant, without light; white without purity; in the shape of light globules, yet oppressive in weight; pure, yet when sublimed, a corroding poison; it runs together, yet has not the slightest cohesion; is proper for mirrors; unites with nothing so readily as gold and silver. This is the great world! We live in the quicksilver age!

☞ An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm beef-steak at a Highland inn, called to the waiting boy—"Donald, bring me more bread, for I eat a great deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much modest simplicity, "Ay, and please your honor, an ye eat a great deal of steak to your bread."

PUGNACITY OF THE SCOTCH.

In that singular new work, "Lavengro," by George Borrow, the author of "The Bible in Spain," occurs the following opinion of the Scotch. Lavengro is sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where he soon learns that he has fallen among the most pugnacious people in the world, and is forced to fight whether he will or not:

"Scotland is a better country than England," said an ugly, blear-eyed lad, about a head and shoulders taller than myself, the leader of a gang of varlets, who surrounded me in the play ground, on the first day, as soon as the morning lesson was over. "Scotland is a far better country than England, in every respect."

"Is it?" said I. "Then you ought to be very thankful for not having been born in England."

"That's just what I am, ye loon; and every morning, when I say my prayers, I thank Gòd for not being an Englishman. The Scotch are a much better and braver people than the English."

"It may be so," said I, "for what I know—indeed, till I came here, I never heard a word about the Scotch or their country."

"Are ye making fun of us, ye English puppy!" said the blear-eyed lad; "take that!" and I was presently beaten black and blue. And thus did I become aware of the difference of races, and their antipathy to each other.

"Bow to the storm, and it shall pass over you." I held my peace, and silently submitted to the superiority of the Scotch—*in numbers.*—This was enough; from an object of persecution I soon became one of patronage, especially among the champions of the class. "The English," said the blear-eyed lad, "though a wee bit behind the Scotch in strength and fortitude, are nae to be sneezed at, being far ahead of the Irish, to say nothing of the French, a pack of cowardly scoundrels. And with regard to the English country, it is na Scotland, it is true, but it has its gude properties; and, though there is ne'er a haggis in a' the land, there's an unco deal o' gowd and siller. I respect England, for I have an auntie married there."

The Scotch are certainly a most pugnacious people; their whole history proves it. Witness their incessant wars with the English in the olden time, and their internal feuds, Highland and Lowland, clan with clan, family with family, Saxon with Gael. In my time, the schoolboys, for want, perhaps, of English urchins to contend with, were continually fighting with each other; every noon there was at least one pugilistic encounter, and sometimes three. In one month, I witnessed more of these encounters than I had ever previously seen under similar circumstances in England. After all, there was not much harm done. Harm! what harm could result from short chopping blows, a hug and a tumble? I was witness to many a sounding whack, some blood shed, "a blue ee" now and then, but nothing more. In England, on the contrary, where the lads were comparatively mild, gentle and pacific, I have been present at more than one death caused by blows in boyish combats, in which the oldest of the victors had scarcely reached thirteen years; but these blows were in the jugular, given with the full force of the arm, shot out horizontally from the shoulder.

But the Scotch—though by no means proficients in boxing, (and how should they box, seeing that they have never had a teacher?)—are, I repeat, a most pugnacious people. At least, they were in my time; any thing served them—that is, the urchins—as a pretence for a fray, or Dorically speaking, a *bicker*; every street and close was at feud with its neighbor; the lads of the school were at feud with the young men of the college, whom they pelted in winter with snow, and in summer with stones; and then the feud between the old and new town!

JOHN KNOX'S DAUGHTER.

The spirit that animated Scotland's great reformer descended to his children, one of whom, Elizabeth, married a minister by the name of Welch. He was banished from the country for his opposition to the attempt of the king to introduce prelacy, and took up his residence in France. After many years of service in the gospel he was seized with consumption. Wishing to breathe his last in Scotland, application was made to the king to permit him to return. The king refused. At length Mrs. Welch, through the influence of some of her mother's relations at court, was enabled to obtain access to the presence of the king, and to urge, in person, her petition that her husband might be allowed to come home to die. "Who was your father, woman?" said the king.

"Mr. Knox," was the reply.

"Knox and Welch! The devil never made such a match as that."

"It is right likely, sir, for we never asked his advice."

"How many children has your father left?"

"Three, sir."

"Are they all lads or lasses?"

"They are all lasses."

"I am thankful for that, for had they been three lads, I had never held my three kingdoms in peace."

"May it please you to give my husband his native air again?"

"If you will persuade your husband to submit to the bishops I will permit him to return to Scotland."

Lifting her apron, and holding it toward the king, she replied, "Please, your majesty, I would rather have his head in this apron."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 21, 4, 8, 15, 4, 16, is a county in Michigan.
My 23, 1, 13, 21, 7, is a county in Mississippi.
My 22, 11, 14, 14, 3, 20, is one of the Bahama Islands.
My 21, 13, 4, 6, 2, is a county in New York.
My 20, 8, 13, 4, 24, is a county in South Carolina.
My 19, 4, 8, 4, 12, 22, is a county in Mississippi.
My 18, 4, 20, 13, 14, 2, is a county in Iowa.
My 17, 15, 13, 7, is a county in Ohio.
My 16, 8, 14, 4, 22, is a county in North Carolina.
My 15, 4, 2, 22, 8, 17, is a county in Tennessee.
My 14, 21, 2, 23, 5, is a county in Texas.
My 12, 7, 9, is a county in Illinois.
My 13, 18, 14, 13, 22, 4, 15, 14, is one of the United States.
My 11, 12, 18, 17, 22, is a county in Kentucky.
My 10, 17, 8, 2, is a gulf in Europe.
My 9, 24, 3, 8, 20, 11, 12, is a county in Georgia.
My 8, 2, 14, 14, 23, 22, is a county in Florida.
My 7, 5, 13, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 6, 15, 7, 17, 22, 9, is a county in Indiana.
My 5, 20, 14, 14, 9, 12, 12, is a county in Alabama.
My 4, 15, 17, 6, 2, 22, is a county in Missouri.
My 3, 16, 13, 19, 7, 5, is a county in Arkansas.
My 2, 19, 19, 12, 13, 22, 6, is a county in Georgia.
My 1, 11, 2, 13, 4, 22, is a county in Tennessee.
My whole was a distinguished General of the American Revolution.

Carnesville, Ga. H. L. R. BUTT.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am constrained to plant a grove,
To entertain the nymph I love;
This simple grove I must compose
Of nineteen trees in nine straight rows;
And in each row five trees dispose.
The distance of each outside tree
That's in this grove five rods must be;
Then tell the length of golden wire
The circle of it will require.

C. WALTEMEYER.

Stewartstown, York Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the country where once a Bourbon was king
My first claims the right to a personal thing;
To my second the wealth of the miser's confided,
Some think, by my whole, that our race is derided.

Boston, Mass. P—— G——n.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a drunkard like a man beating his wife?
Ans.—He is given to liquor (*lick her*).

☞ Why is death like the letter E?
Ans.—It is the end of life.

☞ What word is there of five letters that, by taking away two, leaves one?
Ans.—Stone.

☞ What people can never be down long, nor wear a great coat?
Ans.—Dwarfs.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
PROFESSOR MORSE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

PROBLEM.—Length 80 rods, breadth 50 rods.

CHARADE.—Snowball.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A feather from the wings of Time.
A drop of water from the fountain of Love.
A hinge from off death's door.

Agricultural.

REMARKABLE YIELD.

I have just seven-eights of an acre of land where I reside. Upon it there is a small but comfortable dwelling-house, wood-house, carriage-house, smoke-house and barn; a wood-yard, barn-yard, and a lane 5 rods long from thence to the road; also a front yard, 4 by 6 rods. By this time perhaps, the reader is about ready to say, well this about occupies your seven-eights of an acre. But I also have a garden upon this same seven-eights of an acre, from which I raised the Summer past, all the onions, squashes, cucumbers, tomatoes, potatoes, sweet potatoes, sweet corn, asparagus, pie-plants, beets, muskmelons, beans, peas, and cabbages, that were wanted for my family use, (a family of six persons besides workmen,) during the time of using garden sauce. And after the maturity of the crop, gathered for Fall and Winter use ½ bushel of onions, 7 bushels of potatoes, 8 bushels of sweet potatoes, ½ bushel sweet corn, and 50 fine cabbage-heads.

I have also, a small nursery upon this seven-eighths of an acre, consisting of over 2,000 trees mostly of fine size for transplanting, apple, peach, pear, plum, cherry, quince and grape trees. During the time of fruiting we had raspberries, gooseberries and currants, almost without measure—bushels of each. Cherries, peaches, plums, pears, grapes and apples have been used free as water, how many I cannot tell. I have sold from the same seven-eighths of an acre, trees to the amount of $74 08. Fruit for cash: cherries, $6 35; peaches, $3 94; peas, $5 50; plums, $7 50; quinces, $2, and grapes, $5 75. Making in the aggregate, $115 12. I have put thirty bushels of fine Winter apples in my cellar; and to finish on the list, have cut from 400 to 500 lbs. of good hay.

This is a correct statement of seven-eights of an acre of land in Richfield, Summit County, Ohio.—J. W. WARD, *in the Akron Beacon.*

DOGS AND WOLVES.—The "Prairie Farmer" says the wolves and dogs are destroying the sheep in Illinois, and the last of a flock of three thousand, within twenty miles of Chicago, was sold on account of the wolves. The people are asking legislative aid in form of a bounty on wolf scalps, but the "Farmer" recommends strychnine. Might not this answer in other places, in our own county, for instance, where thousands of sheep are killed yearly by dogs? "Dog Buttons," or their extract, strychnine, put into fresh meal, and left in different parts of fields where sheep are kept, might catch the stray dogs, but it might also kill valuable animals, more likely than the offenders, for sheep-dogs are celebrated for sagacity. We should like to know if shepherds' dogs could not be introduced into this country. Some time ago we copied a plan of raising them, and if we had sheep, would try it, but ours were killed long ago. The plan we speak of was to take a common cur pup, and shut it in a pen with a ewe which has lost her lamb, and for some days compel her to take the pup as a nursling. After the first two or three days it is said she will adopt it, and all trouble is at an end. The pup will grow up with the flock, nourished and protected by his foster mother, and become an effectual protection against dogs. It would be worth while to try the experiment.—*Pittsburg Visiter.*

LEAVES AS MANURE.—Leaves, buds, and tender branches are peculiarly rich in the vegetable alkali; besides which they contain other organic elements, derived from the soil, enriching its surface, tending to prevent its exhaustion, or when newly applied—that is to other ground—to enrich it more than superficially.

Leaves—and the remark is applicable to the tender branches also—seem destined by nature for the manure of the forest land, and indeed of ground generally wherever trees grow. The roots collect the inorganic elements essential to vegetation, from the soil, penetrating deeply and widely; the leaves detain and store up a certain portion of them with other elements derived from the atmosphere, such as are required for their growth; and these returned to the soil with the fall of the leaf, and there undergoing decomposition, are ready to be appropriated again, and re-administered to the process of vegetable growth.—*English Farmer's Herald.*

COLD, OR CATARRH IN SHEEP.—Flock masters should be particularly careful of their sheep when affected with a cold during the winter months; for if neglected, it frequently becomes so deeply seated as to be incurable, and ends in phthisic, or consumption. The best remedy for a cold is, first, place your sheep in a well-ventilated, dry stable, comfortably littered; and second, give it any slightly purging medicine, with a moderate allowance of hay, and a bran mash one-fifth of which should be oil meal. Colds, or catarrhs, are not only epidemic but endemic; be careful, therefore, where you winter your sheep, that there be no predisposing cause in their locality; and when they are attacked, remove them instantly from the flock. By following these precautions and keeping them well fed, sheltered, aired, watered and salted, one may bid defiance to disease among his flock.—*American Agriculturist.*

POTATOES.—A correspondent, at Sweden, (Me.) writes to inquire the cause of rot in potatoes—as for a remedy he has tried a gill of salt and a little plaster, on each hill. His potatoes have not rotted, while all the fields around him were very badly affected. He is not aware that Providence has interfered to favor him, and he is uncertain whether his success is owing to salt, to plaster, to both united, to a new soil, to a want of barn manure, or to a mixture of various kinds of potatoes on planting.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

GRAFTING WEDGES.—In cleft grafting, as every grafter knows, a good iron or steel wedge is wanted, to keep the slit open till the graft is inserted, and accurately adjusted. One of the largest sized cut-nails or cut-spikes, ground to a wedge upon a grindstone, has been found one of the cheapest and most convenient for this purpose, the head of the nail serving a good purpose in withdrawing the wedge.—*Albany Cultivator.*

WHITE *versus* YELLOW CORN.—The Centreville (Maryland) Times states that several farmers there say that they have demonstrated beyond cavil that a larger quantity of white corn can be grown to an acre than yellow. The price of white corn in foreign markets is higher than yellow at the present time.

☞ Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in health—for when it lies in a hard-bound state enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.

ENGLISH LEGISLATION.—The legislation of England, like that of every country that I have ever heard or read of, has been selfish; it has not always been enlightened, but it has never been absurd or fantastic. The House of Commons wastes little either of time or power. Its members are averse to rhetoric and fiercely intolerant of abstractions. You will hear among them little fine speaking, but much sensible talking. What is once settled there is settled forever. They will endure no rigmarole about the rights of man, and the eternal fitness of things, and the shades of Hampden and Sidney. Many things are taken for granted, to the great saving of time and strength. Provided, too, that their work is done, they care very little how it looks. Acts of Parliament are often clumsily drawn, but they generally hit the grievance aimed at between wind and water. Everything is for use, and nothing for show. Parliament is, in short, a factory for the making of laws, and they will no more listen to a professor's discourse on the principles of legislation, than the operatives in a mill at Lowell would leave off their work to hear a lecture on the force of gravity or the pressure of fluids.—*Geo. S. Hillard.*

SNUFF-TAKING.—When the use of snuff began to gain ground, all the physicians declared either for or against this new sternutatory, and more than a hundred volumes were written by both sides on this subject. If the ancients held in such abhorrence women who used a handkerchief in their presence, what would they have said of those who took snuff, had the practice existed? A passage in the Juvenal proves that the use of the handkerchief, not only in public, but at home, was sometimes the cause of a separation. The satirist is speaking of one who, being disgusted with his wife, sends a freedman to order her immediately to quit his house. "Pack up your things," said the freedman, "and begone; you are disagreeable to my master; you are continually using the handkerchief; make haste and depart; another woman will come, *whose nose will always be dry!*" Snuff disfigures the nose, stains the skin, taints the breath, and communicates a disagreeable smell!"

The Olio.

WRITING AND LIVING.

To write is easy. But to live—*to live*
This higher, purer life, is harder *far*
Than in the closet, with the pen, to war
Against surrounding ill. Harder, to strive
Against one hasty word, one selfish mood,
And gentle still to be, and kind, and good
In the world's rugged warfare; in the jar
Of ill according spirits; in the mass
Of beings, where our daily duties are.
There if we act the Christian, meekly pass,
Not proudly, 'mid our fellows—walk below
As still this earth above, yet mildly bending
To its just claims our care—*then* are we tending
Indeed to Heaven—with faith that "passeth show."

Episcopal Recorder.

GO-AHEAD VALOR.—It has been remarked that a prudent General will always before an engagement, secure the means of retreating. Such, however, was not the case with the Duke of Wellington, when he fought the battle of Waterloo, with defiles in his rear. If he had lost that battle, which he would have done if fortune had not favored him in a remarkable manner, his army would have been annihilated.

Lord Nelson, at the battle of Copenhagen, when told by an officer that Admiral Parker had made the signal for recalling the ships under his command, who were about engaging the enemy, made this memorable reply—

"You are aware that I have but one eye, and I must keep that on the enemy."

It is said that Napoleon, in all his numerous battles, never made any arrangements for a retreat if unsuccessful. He always calculated upon getting the victory.

It is related of Sir Charles Coote, a distinguished Irish General, that when he commanded a body of troops, for the purpose of suppressing a rebellion in Ireland, he urged in a council of war, the propriety of passing certain defiles and causeways, before the enemy could get together to oppose them; to which it was replied, it might be so, but when the country was alarmed how should they get back?

"I protest," exclaimed Sir Charles, "I never thought of such a thing in all my life. I always considered how to do my business, and when that was done, I got home as well as I could, and hitherto I have not missed of forcing my way."—*Boston Journal.*

ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG IN CHINA.—We have always admired, and always shall admire, as the very best of all human stories, Charles Lamb's account of the origin of *roast pig* in China. Ching Fing, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down; the outhouses were burned along with the house; and in one of these the pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future civilization! Fing, who (who like all China beside,) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now, for the first time, tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part (tradition says a leg.) of the new dish. The father was so astounded with the discovery, that he burned his house down once a year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig. A curious prying sort of fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept—the discovery spread—many great conversions were made—houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing-room, and then firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief justice of Pekin on that occasion, requested an officer of the court to hand him a piece of the roast pig, the *corpus delicti*, for pure curiosity led him to taste; but within two days after, it was observed that his lordship's town-house was burned down. In short, all China apostatized to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era in the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be had without burning down houses.—*De Quincey's Essays.*

A PARABLE.—There was a certain pilgrim who journeyed alone across a great desert, wherein was no help for him against man or beast; and it came to pass, as he journeyed, that two savage beasts contended in the way. They were spent with long fighting, and at the point of death; and because they saw the end approaching, their cry was exceedingly loud. And the leopard said unto the pilgrim, "Oh, pilgrim, my brother, save me from this tiger! Remember, I beseech thee, slaughtered men and ravaged folds, and aid me in this strait, for it is very sore." Then the pilgrim uplifted his staff, and disabled the tiger, whom the leopard easily worried. Moreover, the pilgrim washed the wounds of the leopard, and anointed them with oil from his cruse; and the leopard yelped much in praise of the pilgrim.—But when it was now dark, and the leopard was a hungerer, he made a meal of the pilgrim, with this comfortable apostrophe: "Thou fool, can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? and had'st thou not known me of old?"

THE BIBLE.—"I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—*Sir William Jones.*

"I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."—*Fisher Ames.*

"The Bible is a book worth more than all the other books which were ever printed."—*Patrick Henry.*

"Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read the Bible every day of your life."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

LIFTING A LIVING MAN.—One of the most extraordinary pages in Sir David Brewster's letters on "Natural Magic," is an experiment in which a heavy man is lifted with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs, and those of the persons who raise him, are inflated with air. Thus, the heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs supported by one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and each shoulder, then try to raise him. The person to be raised gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he and the lifters draw a long, full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising him from the chairs. To his surprise, and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if no heavier than a feather!

☞ By a recent Act of Parliament, the English Government has made itself responsible for all moneys paid into the Savings Banks by depositors.

For Housekeepers.

RICE BLANC MANGE.—The following recipe for cooking Rice, is worthy of preservation by every housekeeper—it presents a nutricious and agreeable article of diet for the invalid, and a delightful and cheap dessert for the family table: Boil half a-pint of whole rice in as little water as possible, till all the grains lose their form, and become a solid mass. Next put in a sieve, and drain and press out all the water. Then turn it into the saucepan, and mix with it a large half pint of rich milk, and a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Boil it again till the whole is reduced to a pulp. Then remove it from the fire, and stir in (while hot) a wine-glass of rose-water. Dip your moulds into cold water, and then fill them up with the rice; set them on ice, and when quite firm and cold, turn out the blanc mange, and serve it up on dishes with a sauce-tureen of sweetened cream flavored with nutmeg. Or you may eat with a boiled custard, or with wine-sauce. You may mould it in large breakfast cups. Always dip your moulds for a moment in luke-warm water before you turn out their contents.

TO MAKE GOOD CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take a pint and a half of boiling sweet milk or water, stir in meal enough to make a thin batter, cool this by adding a little cold water, then add a tablespoonful of yeast, a little flour, and molasses, if you like it sweet, then again stir in meal, and thicken to the consistency of thin batter, let it stand fifteen minutes in a warm place to rise, and when light, stir in a teaspoonful of saleratus, and bake quickly. Try for yourselves.

RENNET CUSTARD.—Put a piece of rennet four inches square into a gill of wine. After soaking two or three days it will be ready for use.—Pour your milk (new milk, if possible,) into a pan, and add a tablespoonful of the wine to a quart of milk. Stir it well, sweeten to the taste, then pour it *immediately* into cups before it curds. Now grate nutmeg over the top, and you will find it delicious. C. M. PRICE.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—There is one little fact in domestic economy, which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble and temper. If a candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may, therefore, be easily lighted again. But if blown out downwards, the contrary is the case.—*Exchange.*